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SMOKE.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Beyond the lay-fold, shore and beam,
Out the Secret's darkened creek,
Lazily like a wrestling spirit,
Ghost of the wood and river by day.

So human dwelling-place I see,
In eastern climes, when the day
The thirst and the lovely weather
Some left in which the worst together.

But, lonely, yet I know not how,
Without the sight of smoke no scene;
Knowing that human aid was given,
To send that stirring up to heaven.

What else, oh soul, gray spirit, say,
Rose then from earth to heaven convey?
What sense of human we or mirth,
Left you around the cottage hearth?

What story shall you tell the sky,
Of twilight sun or lonely sigh?
Of dreaming woman whose restless bright
Blew keep and tower of rustic light?

Of evening Age, in easy chair,
Reading the past in ashes there;
Of childhood's prayer, of lover's vow,
Of student's pale and bended brow?

I know not what your tale may be,
But there I keep my fancy;
A fairy household, still unseen,
His gentress, wife, or forms green.

All made of dreams, white white and still
I see the smoke against the hill;
But draw not near, nor yet inquire
Whose hearth-stone steers the daily fire.

"Tis pleasanter one's dreams to keep
Than to awaken out of sleep;
And so fair family round me
So fair as this I seem to see.

Pictured above the cottage fire,
Beneath you thin mist airy spire,
Upwing like a loosened soul,
From cares of Earth and Earth's control.

NORWOOD;

OR

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

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CHAPTER XXXV.

CONCLUDED.

If people are attracted by their opposites, as some hold, there was every reason to expect that a strong sympathy would draw Heywood and Cathcart together; for, they represented in a striking manner contrasting elements. Heywood's face was fine, even beautiful. Blue-eyed, chestnut hair, inclining to curl, fine complexion, and fresh color,—need it be said that his was a sanguine temperament? Cathcart's, striking in appearance rather by expression than by positive beauty of features, dark and piercing eyes, features formed both for strength and refinement, black hair,—his temperament, too, could not be otherwise. Heywood's face was genial, and when excited radiant. His whole soul shone through it. Excitement that fire through every feature of Cathcart's face; but every one felt-that more lay behind than was expressed. There was a sense of repressed feeling and reserved enthusiasm. Heywood would have seemed, Cathcart would hint the longest.

They were contrasted in mental qualities. Barton Cathcart's mind was reflective, Tom Heywood's perceptive. Both were reasoners; but Heywood loved practical facts, and reasoned upon them. Cathcart reasoned more deeply upon relations of facts, and upon more subtle principles. He was natural, Heywood loved to reason upon the actions of men, the events of society. Cathcart loitered in the study of the causes of events, the nature of the mind, and the structure of society.

It was natural for Heywood to utter, and to long to utter, whatever he had wrought out in thinking, and he left the impression that in his frankness he had expressed all that he had thought.

On the other hand, Barton Cathcart, without revealing reserve, left the impression that he offered you but a sheaf from a field, and that the reaped harvest must far surpassed that revealed.

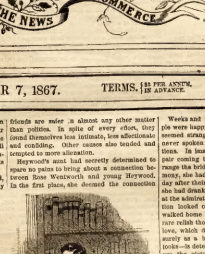
They were more nearly alike in disposition, but an essential difference in the forms which disposition took on. Heywood's conscience disrobed the spirit of Honor. Cathcart's moral sense had been trained as a deep, reflective, religious feeling; it was as a social element.

Heywood did right, as in the sight of men; Cathcart, as in the sight of God. Both were kind, with great distinctiveness; but in the Southerner it was more demonstrative and generous. Less demonstrative in the Northerner, perhaps less prompt, and far more sensitive, it endured longer and achieved more. In the one it was a blossom, in the other a fruit.

Heywood had been reared in affluence, and had never learned to work, nor to have sympathy with those who did. Barton Cathcart had been inured from childhood to toil, and was drawn by vital sympathy to all who labored. The Virginian was born to command. He was looked down upon men from the necessity of his social position, from being but two classes in the society in which he was bred—that class in which men must work, and that in which they must not. The New-Englander had been reared in a true democracy, in which class, interpresented the relative forces of the classes upon which and out of which men passed for leisure and pleasure, and in which there were few leisure and no aristocracy, except that which was conferred by the consent of all.

In religion they were equally contrasted. Reared an Episcopalian, Heywood regarded religious truths as something settled beyond all questioning,—sufficient of all fixed as definitely as are the elements of mathematics. He had never searched the grounds of truth. He could not be believed to have been stayed and patterned by God as much as the material world was. He would as soon have thought of discussing the authenticity of heat, or the propriety of frost, as of the doctrine of the church. Difficulties of a practical law—the ministry a part of the constitution of the world.

Barton Cathcart had been reared even more reverently in matters of religion. Brought up from his childhood, an appeal had been made to his reason. Nothing marks so strikingly the lack of New England education in the Southern systems as the boldness with which she has always challenged for them the utmost scrutiny of Reason. Cathcart, from an early period, felt himself more than doubting thought. He was at rest with traditional knowledge and hereditary faith. He pursued inquiries into the nature of the human mind,—whose nature with its the end determine all formulas, as its philosophy has in every age suffered all that Heywood. He analyzed the doctrines of the church, and disputed many of them. Lent on by his boundless desire of knowing the very truth, he explored the Bible for himself with indefatigable zeal. During the extensive researches and constant doctrine, that the Bible was the sole fountain of religious truth, could not be true. The utmost variety of Reason. Cathcart, from an early period, felt himself more than doubting thought. He was at rest with traditional knowledge and hereditary faith. He pursued inquiries into the nature of the human mind,—whose nature with its the end determine all formulas, as its philosophy has in every age suffered all that Heywood. He analyzed the doctrines of the church, and disputed many of them. Lent on by his boundless desire of knowing the very truth, he explored the Bible for himself with indefatigable zeal. During the extensive researches and constant doctrine, that the Bible was the sole fountain of religious truth, could not be true. The utmost variety of



BARTON CATHCART AND TOM HEYWOOD.

ting by question into infallible. Yes were many a fact, as in the case of the Bible to a learned theologian, as in metaphors and similes, although the facts and the laws were spoken in the case. But the fact is, Barton, I am no Yankee. I am not troubled with that intolerable curiosity which gives your people their peculiar every thing in creation. If the good Lord wants to keep any thing secret, I can't imagine what he created Yankees for. They are the most restlessly inquisitive creatures—always feeling themselves in God and something that was hidden away on purpose. If Nature has a secret, a Yankee, I'll be bound, will pick the lock where it is kept, or he saves-dropping till he gets hold of it. The fact is, there is too much brain here in New England. Every body is racing and chasing after causes. I believe your people think they have the responsibility of the universe on their shoulders. When the Bible said, 'Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection?' there were no Yankees about. Some, then, few hundred ministers in this very New England think they have found it. They have found God out—all that He has done, why He did it, what He has not done, and why He could not do it! Can you hear the young sprout preach, last Sunday afternoon, fresh from New Haven? He was like a young mountain ash, he was on giddy up, holding meat government. 'God must do this,' said, 'God, from the nature of things, cannot do that.' There was not a thing about the Infinite Mind Eternal which he did not fancy himself entirely familiar with: Pah! I hate so much the turbulence. A gentleman wears a swallow-tail, and God—all that He has done, why He did it, what He has not done, and why He could not do it! Can you hear the young sprout preach, last Sunday afternoon, fresh from New Haven? He was like a young mountain ash, he was on giddy up, holding meat government. 'God must do this,' said, 'God, from the nature of things, cannot do that.' There was not a thing about the Infinite Mind Eternal which he did not fancy himself entirely familiar with: Pah! I hate so much the turbulence. A gentleman wears a swallow-tail, and a young man, a muddle worship; and then, with a good conscience, he turns to the enjoyment of life, going to the Bible and—across the sea—to the Yankees the management of unfathomable mysteries.

Barton could not help laughing at Heywood's humor, especially as he added,

"Well, Heywood," said he, "I admit that there is something of the Greek in the New Testament. Dr. Wentworth says that the New-England mind is a Greek mind—in the natural nature of the Jew, the intellectual spirit of the Greek, and the moral consciousness of the Roman."

"Now see you," said Heywood, "I did he say whence they derived the element of modesty? Or the peculiar New England reverence for Sabbath-day?"

That cannot be accounted for," said Barton, "but I can see—ingenuity from Egypt, humility from Judea, and the sense of a Roman history, it is of a peculiar kind."

"I might be supposed that on a subject so all-engrossing as politics ball become in the spring and summer of 1861, two young men like Cathcart and Heywood would find themselves often in social debate. Heywood had not adopted the extreme views that prevailed in the South on the subject of slavery. He regarded the institution as a misfortune. But he apologized for it as a thing existing upon the South, and for which no present remedy could be found. Though Heywood deemed it prudent to abstain from an active part in politics, yet it was plain he did not care to have it concealed that his sympathy was with his fourteen kindred. By a sort of understanding, at length, Tom Heywood and Cathcart avoided all discussions on current topics. But when the two should opportunely changed over some together without drawing each other's lightning? Then comes the thunderstrash; afterward it clears up, and for days the air will be purer. But such clashes between friends are rather a almost any other matter than politics. In spite of every effort, they found themselves two animals, less affectionate and confiding. Other causes also tended and tempted to more alienation.

Heywood's aunt had secretly determined to spare no pains to bring about a connection between Tom Heywood and young Heywood. In the first place, she deemed the connection one evidently fit to be made. They seemed suited to each other. What be not a fitting handsome, of gentlemanly manners, of good disposition, of good family and connections? Was not Rose of noble presence, most comely, a woman of genius, yet of rare domestic quality, of great culture, trained to observation, and withal free from pedantry? What more could be wanting? Nothing except the consent of the parties. Match-making is an art so fantastical that it is no wonder that people beneath it incited to it. Love in young people is of itself one of the most charming spectacles in human life. To see the spark struck, the fire kindled, the first faint flame spreading, and finally the full glow and warmth established, and then to be able in say complacently, "I did it," is not all this interested and reward enough to inspire suitable souls in this species of benevolence?

Aunt Chandler was no match-maker. She often said. But she had no objection occasionally to give good advice. She was of that honest and plain-speaking way that inspired confidence. She was shrewd and prudent, but was easily cheated. She had no discernment of her own. With a great motherly heart, she had no children. With great skill in management, she had nobody to manage. It was quite natural that when young people came to her for advice, she should give it. Having given advice, it was natural that she should be interested in seeing what became of it. But she was not a match-maker? That she disapproved of. It was a responsibility that no one should take. "So one could tell after all how a match might turn out; and if badly, one could never forgive one's self for having brought it about."

There was a great difference, she pleased herself with thinking, between match-making and a mere friendly interest in one's own way.

Suggestion, reasonable influence and advice, she did not amount to match-making. But behind those two young persons, Heywood and Rose Wentworth, and new they knew no pretense they might have failed to perceive, that they were "just made for each other."

She made various occasions of meeting at her house, and in her carriage, and at picnics, and other gathering of neighbors in the most familiar way of free and door-yard pic-alics. All in a manner so natural and accidental, that she could not for the life of her have been charged with contriving things. When people of sagacity set on foot matrimonial plans, they are apt of a fervent desire of mind, they often see the hand of Providence in circumstances that are purely natural. When Mrs. Chandler had sent some rare old prints over to Dr. Wentworth, and heaped up Mrs. Wentworth's table with fruit, supposing that their presence influenced no more than they could see that it was a kindness of the neighbors would help her to use it, it was natural that the doctor's family should all come over, without formality, to spend an evening, and just as natural that Mrs. Chandler and her husband should return the visit. And when, after the elderly people were seated in a manner exactly studied for their pleasure, it was natural that Heywood had the two only places left, and was thrown accidentally next to Rose. Other company, and seemed content to do so, Mrs. Chandler looking down upon them with benevolent eyes, could not refrain a pious and graceful ejaculation: "How good we are to-day, this is! If I had had the ordering of it myself, I could not have done better!" The more she thought about it the more Providence seemed to smile. The more Providence favored it the more Mrs. Chandler smiled. It was so easy for her to set with sagacity that she did not see herself in many events which fell out, and fell out of her hand.

Weeks and months passed. The young people were happy; the old people were happy. It seemed strange, however, that Heywood had never spoken a word to his aunt of his intentions. Imagination, she had seen the happy pair coming to thank her, she had helped arrange the bridal party, she had seen the ceremony, she had been to church on the first Sunday after their return from the bridal trip, and she had drank in great draughts of bridal-bliss at the admiration with which all the congregation looked on the beautiful couple she had walked home behind them and observed with rare relish the tender ways of fond-dawning love, which discover newly-married people as surely as a bed of mignonette—simple as it looks—is detected by its fragrance. But, pending all are the pictures of imagination, a practical mind would something more spiritual and more substantial. Why did not Heywood make some progress? Did not Rose please him? Or was there some impediment? It was plain that no visible progress was made. Therefore, though reverse to match-making, it was proper that Mrs. Chandler should take observations and find out the latitude and longitude of affairs.

Could it be that Heywood was already engaged in Virginia? The thought was horrifying. His aunt did not walk long for a proverbial opening; but, on Heywood's return from an excursion, fell into conversation with him.

"Have you had a pleasant time, Heywood? of course you have, I see it in your face. When I was young, they did not have as many rides and picnics as they have now, though I fancy the young women then were more sedate, less flirtacious and pleasure-seeking than now."

"Rose me, aunt, I do not know what you would call propriety if the Norwood girls are not proper! I will back them as some of our highflyers in the South."

"I suppose you naturally would prefer the society of Southern young ladies?"

"I can't know about that; of course I like my own folks."

"Well, suppose you were going to settle down in life, and wanted to choose a wife—for I take it for granted that you are not engaged—are you?"

"No, aunt, I am too young for that, or at any rate, not yet quite ready to settle down. Besides, no man marries till his time comes. I am waiting till I see some one that is irresistible."

"Do you expect some one to charge upon you and wield you very capitally?"

"No, not exactly that; but one likes shy games and fish not easily hooked. They promise good enough, doubtless,—perhaps too good for me; yes, after all, one does not like to know beforehand, as a step just how it will all end."

"Upon my word, Heywood, you are terribly wicked! I did not think that you were one of those cowardly dandies that thought every woman who looked at him was in love with him. I did not think you had any vanity. I think those who are most worthy when won are not the easiest to win."

"Aunt, I mean no offence to the sex, and mean no pun especially. You asked me a plain question, and I gave you a plain answer."

"Of the young ladies, at callers, whom you have laid under obligation this afternoon by your charming presence, which one do I seem to believe that you could have for the asking?"

Every one of them. This sounds conceited to you, aunt, but I look at it in this way: I know that I am a presentable young gentleman, with several thousand dollars, and expectations. I know that I am a pleasant companion, and I know that I am a good-looking fellow enough. I take for granted that all expect to enter the matrimonial state whenever a favorable offer is made to them. I have not seen conceited at all to imagine that a lady would accept me when I offer myself. I have not would accept your offer, should you press it upon me."

"You were never more mistaken in your life, Heywood. There is not a single one—Rose Wentworth excepted—who would have you. You're worth. I wish with all my heart that you loved her; but I tell you she is not alone just by the asking, let me tell you."

"Aunt, I have not one of the party so completely in my mind as Rose. I have said, and who could avoid a good deal softened and sentimental, when in the presence of Rose Wentworth, of the light and an inner life. I think I understand such things. But, if I had just asked you, I fully believe that I should now be asking your approbation of Rose."

"This passes all belief! I lose faith in you, Heywood. Have you not good sense enough to have more conception of Rose Wentworth than you have of those who live in the state. If you had presented upon her cordial ways and mentioned that you would like to have wood by and soon her large eyes fresh upon you."

"Why, aunt, do you think that she is such a paragon?"

"I do—I do. She is beyond all words the noblest young woman that I have ever known. And you have no idea no one can know, nor she herself, until something rouses her. She is capable of the noblest grandeur with circumstances favored. If by the wisest and most skilful wooing you could win Rose, you would be the happiest of living men; and twenty years hence you would find your happiness but just begun."

"Why, aunt, you rather piqua my curiosity. If you really think that she is so hard to win, I am almost disposed to try."

"Young man," said Mrs. Chandler, almost sternly, "you may as well let it alone as to try in that spirit."

And the subject was dropped.

Some influences are like tempers, and striking into the sides they produce instant motion.

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Others are noble, and when sown seem utterly lost; yet the shame and darkness they are germinating and growing. Mrs. Chandler said no more, but looked her husband inquiringly.

"I don't believe Bertha would hurt a day-old chick," said Mr. Chandler, "but I'll have a talk with her when I get home."

"Yes, when it's too late. If you should undertake to hang or bury the little fiend, you'd find her dead and beyond reach, or else she'd be a word too late to save. Mamma has been fooled by it, she thinks that sentiment is love. That's just like a man! But then he has all his life been rich after and praised, poor fellow. He is to be pitied, not blamed."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

VARIETIES.

Nothing satisfies the value of an object more than to know that others value it and are competing for it. Mrs. Chandler furnished both stimulants to Heywood. I cannot say how she obtained the information, but she had been led to believe that Heywood's attentions and attendance toward Mrs. Wentworth. Some such stories had risen and died out in the village. The wife of Hiram Bell, Mrs. Cornelius Cuthbert, and one even braver of them—one nor, however, who refrained long after a visit to Dr. Wentworth, and in consequence of information—what, I cannot say—which he said to her himself, by the merest accident, in Heywood's presence.

Would a not be strange, my dear, if Bertha Cuthbert should marry Dr. Wentworth?" Her husband looked at her with simplicity, and said:

"I suppose so."

"Do you think it would be a good match?"

"I don't see any objection, provided the parties are willing."

"But really, my dear, I can't hardly imagine that Rose should prefer such a man, unless it was her only chance. But then, you can never tell. Getting in love is like picking garden sass—you never do. You may get a mess of it, you may pick a nettle. It seems to me that Rose might do better than to take Cuthbert."

"Perhaps so, Imogen. I've had a fine while to take a more close survey of the ground. He don't seem to me the impression for some time that he has gone as far as it was safe to go unchecked. I'm going to believe that Rose was very susceptible and simple; and that, as a man of honor, it was his duty, having a far better knowledge of life and a superiority of stiffness of the heart, to see to it that she was not harmed.

He was so far influenced by his aunt's remarks to see more in time than he had previously aimed at any rate to probe the matter, and so one just how things really were. His visits were more frequent, and his attentions more assiduous. He exerted himself in conversation. he went through the usual matinée routine on such occasions, and after a considerable period found himself in the same place he occupied at the beginning. It was a new experience, and piqued his pride. He began to perceive young rest in his pursuits. On the whole, he was glad that Dr. Wentworth had not dropped dead in his hands as early as he so first feared. He was satisfied that Rose was genuine; that there was no artifulness; that she was playing no part. He had mystified himself for a time, but at the next visit his chances excited no remark. He discerned that Dr. Wentworth, out expressed admiration for one or two in particular. He knew that he was the most apprehensive of men and the most discriminating of friends. Then Miss Heywood had been to him an infinity, in the sense that a beautiful child is to an elder brother. He began to admit now that she was his equal, and to experience a respect which he had never felt before for a pretty woman. He never read favorite authors aloud, and indulged in discussions. He discussed various questions of literature, in art, in science. If Heywood chose to talk of politics he did the same. Fast as nature and immediately did the fellow and accompanied the latter in pursuing every branch of study. If he introduced a discussion, Rose entered with him, but more often, less into philosophical reasonings, and in matters of natural science proved herself far better informed than even Heywood. He could not deny that a more intimate acquaintance altered his opinion of Miss Wentworth. Indeed he began to admit to himself that he was in danger of joining the throng that he made so impress. He was as near, and just as far from, her, as ever weeks and months had passed, as at the beginning. He could not imagine that she had cherished the slightest sentiment, while he was conscious that he had. Nothing could be discovered but simplicity, straightforward conduct.

Heywood felt that he knew the impression that Heywood's pride alone, or chiefly, had wrought in him, a determination to master his will to its knee. At every step he found himself more entangled. Rose was beautiful and pastel on a stage, and brought to her task an enthusiasm for Love, close entertained, thrice; and with a delicate affection that would not change over him, and for the which he felt a deep and true love in full of gratitude. Heywood dropped that tit-fitting conceit which veiled his real goodness, and the overwowning confidence in himself gave way to diffidence. Hope or fever, anxiety, and a strong determination to bring his fate to an issue, he found himself to know not how, carried away from his purpose, and as far from success as ever.

At last he determined that, with whatever abruptness it was necessary, he would make known to Rose his sentiments, and, at least, know whether or not he was to be rejected.

There was to be the society gathering at Dr. Wentworth's on the morrow. The bowl had grumbled by open to all family friends. No formal invitations. Every one was left to come and go with perfect freedom. One night be sure of meeting Judge Bacon there, and Mr. Edwards, and almost always Parson Buell, and Mr. Bell, and a number of the professors and Mr. Chandler, and quite a while Miss Cathcart and his wife. Quite every week, and Bertha would be there at least to take tea. Besides these persons, there was a little knot of select friends of friends, so that on pleasant days, autumnal one or three score of people would about the grounds, in knots and circles; the young ladies bearing their arms around each the older people discoursing apart, or joining the young folks, as it fancied to please them. It is in such circumstances that love finds its most favorable opportunities. A relaxed mind, up for a look, a word with an emphasis, or for a passing sentence, and if both parties be in sympathy, it is surprising to see by how many accidents they are favored. They are seen on seats screened, one to help the other; or they are left alone, every person about them having the most natural reasons in the world for going off. The very two seem to be left to each other by contrivance; and, in fact, they are, but neither of them is aware of the fact for some. Everything favors fortunate love! No one knew the advantages of such circumstances better than Heywood. No one had less use to discern opportunity than Cathcart.

On the appointed morrow, therefore, Heywood, with a throbbing breast, passed from group to group, and saw a person in the grounds was Rose. Cathcart and Heywood had paid their respects to her, and were conversing. Cathcart Alice Cathcart thought so with reason. Heywood was not aware that he was in love, but he loved her in her happiest mood, for had the latter been in her saddest, Heywood for Alice fairly loosened. Rose, who knew what trials she had undergone, was kind, and, indeed, had little other perceived it. Burton had never seen his sister so much animated, and engaged in conversation. She saw Heywood's compliments and had always been such a ruddy brown as took the sunlight that falls upon it; and when, in accordance with that fashion, Miss Cathcart's hair was now worn the resemblance Talbot's picture to her.

Dr. Wentworth and his friends repaired to the old wrangling den. Rose was left to entertain Cathcart. I know not how the subject of cathcarts was introduced, but Rose were called to the house.

"My child, bring me two or three volumes of British poets from the library. Perhaps a couple of those middle gentlemen will help you."

Rose was standing a little back, though listening to everything that concerned Rose. He was determined to fulfill the intimation that he at that moment Alice was addressing a question to Rose. Miss Cathcart quickly moved toward the house, and, repairing to the library, brought the two volumes. One of them was open upon the ground plan of York Minster, and had upon the table.

"Rose, I love to see you devoted to your duties to Cathcart," said her Dr. Wentworth make a pause, "and hear Dr. Wentworth make a pause, "and hear Dr. Wentworth make a pause, "and hear

IMMORTALITY'S PROOF.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

How strong and beautiful the proofs
Of the Immortal in our Race:
That, live or dead, this Earth is not
Man's only given abiding place.

'Tis spoken by his regal mind
That spurns the old dust-dooming "Fate,"
And every moment nearer strides
From this unto the starry state:

'Tis in our very longing proved,
Longing that shows in us the God
That blazes with the Infinite
Though bound awhile unto the sod:

But nobler, purer, surer, proof
Of all is in the worship we
Give unto Him who walks serene
The mountains of Eternity.

That worship is not groping blind,
Mere aspiration for the High;
O, no! it is the diamond steps
That tower *into* the EVERLASTING'S sky.

A FORTUNE SAVED.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

The war was over, and Bela had come home to me—that is, the shadowy wreck which answered to the name, and assumed the place in our home life that had been occupied by my handsome young husband.

I confess I sometimes vaguely questioned if it were really he whom I saw moving about so uncertainly and stiffly, and heard speaking with the weak, cracked voice in which I could trace no relation to the round, ringing tones I had so loved to hear. His face was pale, with a deep scar across the brow, his hair was thin and faded, his form angular and weak, and swaying quite unbalanced by that useless sleeve that dangled limp where his good right arm had been.

"Oh, is it—is it Bela?" I cried out, weakly, to myself, when left alone. I could hardly believe that, or anything else. I doubted often if I were I, so different I looked and felt from the rosy young girl who only three years before had stood up proudly beside that tall, handsome Bela Stone, in his smart blue uniform, with the shining buttons and the major's leaves upon the shoulders.

I had never had an anxious thought or a care till he went into the army. I have had many since, especially since our marriage.

He had a brief furlough, and some hindrances had brought it nearly to its expiration at our wedding day. So our bridal tour was army-ward. We had meant it for so much of a pleasure journey as might be won from those gloomy war times, but it proved far different.

We found my husband's regiment was already tracing the path which led to active service, and none knew what peril; and our farewells were said the very next morning, while I was left to reach my home alone. He was gone to danger and suffering, and it was no part of my ideal life in these sad, stirring days to shrink from either. The half-abandoned post now held only hospitals and their sufficing guard, and I saw work for me—not pleasant, but worthy and satisfying—in those great wards where so much pain and misery gathered.

And thus it was that my brow, above which the bridal blossoms had not yet faded, bent daily over the couch of suffering.

I do not know how long I remained there in the hospitals. I cannot remember, and I never asked. One morning I seemed to wake suddenly out of a long eclipse of life, a long, strange stagnation of faculties, through which a few vague and scattering thoughts had seemed to swim slowly and elusively.

I was in my own old bed and familiar room at home. I tried to rise from my pillow and take a look about me; but it seemed easier for me to lie still and listless, vaguely wondering, but with faint unreal thought; noting in the same half indifferent way that the fields and gardens were covered by snow, all unlike the greenness of those Virginia fields and woodlands I had last seen.

Then it occurred to me that I had been ill. I seemed to remember a burning brain and aching head, and something connected these with the hospitals. And my white, thin hands, and skeleton arms, my feeble listlessness—little by little I noted these and built up the probable theory of their cause. And then, little by little, I learned all; and heard how, summoned by the tidings of my terrible illness, my mother had hastened to Virginia and nursed me there through its most dangerous phases.

During this time, the army had been passing through the fiery jar and tumult of the greatest and most decisive battles of the war. Many women had lost their nearest and dearest. Mine was spared to me. But oh, so maimed and suffering, so feeble and wan! He had recovered, had been home and left again while I lay in that stupor of the faculties; and, dear fellow, they said he sorrowed more—far more—for me than for himself, and the loss of that good right-arm that threw him helpless on the world.

It was while I lay in that long convalescence that I first saw him—a wan spectre of his former self—moving about my room, and casting those pitying glances upon me that he would have deemed wasted upon himself.

In time he got his discharge and his pension, and began to think anxiously and seriously upon the necessity of seeking some occupation, for which, in spite of all the changes that had occurred, he would be fitted. Bela, the younger,—a pale, quiet, little fellow—had come as a new claimant on his father's time and cares. He must not be idle; and yet what could a poor one-armed soldier do, in the midst of the strife and turmoil of business and the hurry to be rich which ever marks American life?

He resolved at last to remove to the Western town which became our place of residence, and to open there what I believe is called a Land-office. If he needed an appointment from the Government, he got it; but I knew little of details at the time, owing to my feeble health.

My mother feared that I would not be able to endure the fatigues before me, but the physician's prophecy that the journey, the change, and the new responsibilities would help me greatly was found to be true. With the new home and the new life, both my husband and myself felt new strength. By the time the one had established business and arranged it in what he called "running order," and the other had her house settled and a household system in operation, we were astonished to find ourselves so well, so happy, so hopeful, and so charmed with all the surroundings of our new life.

I think we had been about a year in the West when the occurrence which I am about to relate and for the relation of which this little sketch has been written, took place.

It was on a dark winter-night: the streets were not alone sloppy, but the slow-falling winter-rain had filled them deep with mud, thick and tenacious as mortar. They were almost deserted, and nobody surely could be expected to venture out in them from any prompting save necessity.

This I represented to Bela as he rose from the tea-table and prepared to return to the office for the evening.

"There'll not be a soul at the office the whole evening," I said. "We have had few enough home-evenings together since we were married, and I think you might remain with me now?"

Bela demurred; he granted the unpropitiousness of the evening, but averred that, in his scheme of minor moralities, business always had precedence of pleasures; and so, laughing and bidding us good-bye, he went on his way.

It seemed a very long evening. I was alone, for servants are a scarce commodity in the West, and I kept none. Little Bela lisped his good-night early, and no neighbor braved the inclement weather to come to me. Pleasant book nor sewing sufficed for me; the dreary hours lengthened themselves and seemed made of countless minutes. I was restless and anxious, and could give no cause for either. Never had the evenings, so many of which I had spent in cheerful quietude under precisely similar circumstances, seemed so long and lonely.

At last the clock struck nine, and I listened for the expected footfall; yet moment after moment passed away, and he came not. An hour passed,—"He has met a friend," I said; then, "they have gone to sup at the hotel, or the new restaurant." I enforced patience for another hour.

The time wore slowly away, as I sat or paced the room in an increasing uneasiness and alarm. Twelve o'clock tolled forth from the ebony time-piece on the mantel. I could delay no longer, but I was torn by conflicting duties. How could I leave unprotected the house where my innocent little one slept? How refrain from gaining some knowledge of the whereabouts of the dear helpless husband who had never left me alone when it was possible to be with me? Every theory accounting for his absence was flung to the winds. I no longer strove to think he was in safety.

I carefully secured the fire, turned low the lamp, and wrapping my shawl about me, stepped into the dark wet street. As I turned the key in the lock, and sent up an unuttered prayer for the little unconscious innocent I was abandoning, a fierce swell of wind swept round the corner and pierced my wraps with an icy chill. I waited no longer, but with fleet footsteps I darted along the dark, deserted streets.

Winged by fear, the way was passed swiftly, and I soon stood in the principal street. No lights were visible save one, which as I advanced swiftly I saw burned dimly in my husband's office. I no longer needed assurance that something was wrong. I hurried on, burst recklessly into the dark passage, used by other tenants as well as my husband, and then, without a moment's pause, turned the lock and stepped into my husband's office. Naturally timid, only the deadly fear that possessed me could have made me forget that I was perhaps rushing into undreamed-of danger.

As I opened the door the wind rushed in, and the faint light flickered and died out. I had thrust matches in my pocket, unknowing why, and a moment sufficed to re-kindle the light. As I did so, a faint moan—a strange sound like an animal in pain, struck my ear. A cold shudder of fear crept over me, but I finished lighting the kerosene lamp, and replacing the chimney unbroken. It burned clear, and I gazed round tremblingly for the cause of the strange sound I had heard, and, as I did so, noticed the evident disorder of the room, the safe-door swinging open, and papers scattered on the floor. I seemed to notice without seeing them—to see only my husband stretched pallid and ghastly on the floor in the corner of the room.

"Oh, Bela! Bela!" was all I said, I think, but I knelt by his side and strove with the cords that bound him, with the gag thrust into his bleeding mouth.

I removed that first, and bathed the death cold brow. In a moment I heard him murmur a word or two with great difficulty, but they directed my attention to his pockets, in which I presently found a knife, with which I severed the cords. I could not lift him. He was large and tall, and the loss of his arm made him very helpless. Besides he had lain on the severed limb, and had endured agonies, and his strength was much exhausted.

In my haste to call assistance I ran out to the dark hall, from which stairs rose to the second story, and, in my reckless flight, encountered a man who seemed to have crouched at their foot. I screamed, and the sound was heard, and followed by the sudden opening of doors above. The man rushed past me, and was lost in the darkness of the night and the deserted streets.

I went back and found Bela in great agitation, struggling to rise.

"Has he gone? Why don't they try to catch him?" were his agitated questions, and, God forgive me, I deemed him losing his senses from the fear and suffering he had undergone.

Five minutes later the office was filled with men, he was raised to a seat, restoratives administered, and he was able to speak.

"Go after that man," he said, wildly—"the robber, I mean. Did any one see which way he went? I just saw him rush past the door," he continued, by way of explanation, when he saw that he was not understood. In a moment half-a-dozen men started in pursuit.

Then we gathered and secured the papers and locked the safe and office. Thousands of dollars were missing, and Bela looked ruin in the face. He said little, but I knew the agitation would be too much for him. A carriage was procured and took us home, and friendly neighbors volunteered to take care of the place, and conduct the pursuit.

"There was but one man," Bela said; "he came in about nine o'clock, and began to talk of a land claim, and when I told him to come in the morning, turned to the door as if to go. I got up to set things to rights before leaving, when, as my back was toward him, he rushed suddenly upon me, and thrust this gag into my mouth before I had time to cry out. I defended myself as well as I could, with my left hand, when he threw me down, bound me, as you saw, and taking the key of the safe from my pocket, helped himself to whatever he chose of its valuable contents. The result is, I am ruined unless he can be found. Here in this lighted room, on a public street, and in a building occupied by many tenants, it was all done so silently as to arouse no attention. When he had finished, he turned down the light and went out, carefully closing the door. I hardly think I should have lived till morning—I owe my life to my dear wife."

We found our home safe, and little Bela sleeping soundly; and we tried to sleep ourselves, but in vain. Bela was suffering in body and frantic with anxiety. We knew not how to meet this terrible misfortune.

I rose before the dawn, which came late this lowering wintry morning. I was very sad, but my duties demanded attention all the same as if I was perfectly happy.

The light glanced and glimmered from the windows as I moved about, and soon I was surprised at the quick, loud ringing of the bell.

"I hope they have caught him," I cried aloud as I hastened toward the door, prepared to hear the report of some neighbor.

But nothing was to be seen; and after looking around I was turning away, wondering and disappointed, when my foot touched a package that lay on the threshold. I picked it up and carried it within to examine it by the lamp. It was a small, square package, neatly folded in brown paper, and addressed to me. I opened it curiously, wondering, but certainly not guessing, what it contained.

Numerous wraps were laid aside, and then came a large, flat portfolio, or bill case; then a goodly pile of green-backs, papered and labelled with the amount. I gave a shrill scream of surprise at sight of these, and dropped on the floor, weak, but not faint, and there Bela found me when he rushed down stairs at the sound.

There lay the heaped-up papers, the Treasury notes, the bill case, and sundry slips of white paper, written things that had a name and value, though I can not rightly explain it.

And Bela cried, with a loud, hoarse voice, "Our fortune has come back!" and sank on a chair beside me. Every dollar taken from his safe was there, and we were saved.

One little note, addressed to me, lay among the papers, and in a cramped, shaky hand was written:

"MADAM—I want money, and could rob a man, even if he were a soldier like me; but I can't rob the woman who saved my life in hospital at ——. I saw you when you came after your husband; and here is my plunder. Tell him he owes this good luck to you; and he might just as well give over trying to catch me, for he can't do it."

Well, it was true. We got all the money, and we did not catch the robber. I had never been sorry for having well nigh given my life for the soldiers. I was less so than ever when I read that note and saw the saved fortune on the table.

MY MIDNIGHT PERIL.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

The night of the seventeenth of October,—shall I ever forget its pitchy darkness, the roar of the autumnal wind through the lonely forest, and the incessant down-pour of the rain? I had heard of lonely wayfarers being lost in the woods before; I had pitied them; but now I fully realized the vague terror, the undefined danger which broods over the Lost!

"This comes of short cuts," I muttered petulantly to myself as I plodded along, keeping close to the trunks of the trees to avoid the deep ravine, through which I could just hear the roar of the turbulent stream some forty or fifty feet below. My blood ran cold as I thought what might be the possible consequences of a mis-step or a move in the wrong direction. Why had I not been contented to keep in the high road?

"I should have reached the railroad station an hour ago if I had not foolishly imagined the wood-path would be more direct; now I have wandered off, nobody knows how many miles out of civilization, and if I escape with a whole skin and sound bones, I shall consider myself particularly lucky. Hold on,—was that a light, or are my eyes playing me as false as did my common sense?"

I stopped, holding on to the low, resinous boughs of a hemlock that grew on the edge of the bank; for it actually seemed as if the wind would seize me bodily and hurl me down the precipitous descent.

It *was* a light—thank Providence, it was a light, and no ignus fatuus or corpse-gleam to lure me on to destruction and death.

"Halloo-o-o-o!"

My voice rang through the woods like a clarion, strengthened by the energy of desperation; the light hesitated, oscillated back and forth, and finally stood still. I plunged onward through tangled vines, dense briars, and rocky banks, until, gradually nearing, I could perceive a bent figure wrapped in an old oil-cloth cape, or cloak, carrying a lantern. As the dim light fell upon his face I almost recoiled. Would not solitude and the woods be preferable to the companionship of this withered, wrinkled, hideous old man? But it was too late to recede now.

"What's wanting?" he snarled, with a peculiar motion of the lips that seemed to leave his yellow stumps of teeth all bare.

"I am lost in the woods; can you direct me to R—— Station?"

"Yes; R—— Station is twelve miles from here!"

"Twelve miles?"

I stood aghast.

"Yes."

"Can you tell me of any shelter I could obtain for the night?"

"No!"

"Where are *you* going?"

"To Drew's, down by the maple swamp."

"Is it a tavern?"

"No."

"Would they take me for the night? I could pay them well."

His eyes gleamed; the yellow stumps stood revealed once more.

"I guess so. 'Taint a tavern, but folks do stop there once in a while."

"Is it far from here?"

"Not very; about half a mile."

"Then let us make haste and reach it. I am drenched to the skin."

We plodded on, my companion more than keeping pace with me, though he must have been nearly seventy-five years of age, and bent with infirmity. Presently we left the edge of the ravine, entering what seemed like trackless woods, and keeping straight on until the lights of some habitation gleamed fitfully through the wet foliage.

It was a ruinous old place, with the windows all drawn to one side as if the foundation had settled, and the pillars of a rude porch nearly rotted away; yet Aladdin's castle could scarcely have looked pleasanter or more welcome to me, wayworn and weary as I was.

A woman answered my fellow-traveller's knock—a woman apparently about thirty-five or forty years of age, with reddish-brown hair wound in thick braids about her head, and curious, half-shut eyes. My companion whispered a word or two to her, and she turned to me with smooth, voluble words of welcome. "She regretted the poverty of their accommodations; but I was welcome to them, such as they were."

"Where is Isaac?" demanded my guide.

"He has not come in yet!"

I sat down on a wooden bench beside the fire, with my valise close to me, while the woman threw on fresh logs, drew out a round pine table, and produced bread, cold meat and a bottle of some spirituous compound. I ate a few mouthfuls of the bread, but did not touch the other articles.

"I should like to retire as soon as possible," I said, for my weariness was excessive.

"Certainly." The woman started up with alacrity.

"Where are you going to put him?" asked my guide.

"Up chamber."

"Put him in Isaac's room."

"No."

"It's the most comfortable."

"I tell you *no!*"

But here I interrupted the whispered colloquy.

"I am not particular—I don't care where you lodge me, only make haste!"

The woman's smooth apologies were profuse. "She only wished to make me comfortable, and Isaac's room always leaked in wet spells." So I was conducted up a steep ladder that stood in the corner of the room, into an apartment ceiled with sloping beams and ventilated by one small window, where a cot bedstead, crowded close against the board partition, and a pine table, with one or two chairs, formed the sole attempts at furniture.

The woman set the light—an oil lamp—on the table.

"Anything more I can get you, sir?"

"Nothing, I thank you."

"I hope you'll sleep well, sir;—when shall I call you?"

"At four o'clock in the morning, if you please. I must walk over to R—— Station in time for the seven o'clock express."

"I'll be sure and call you, sir."

She withdrew, leaving me alone in the gloomy little apartment. I sat down, and looked around me with no very agreeable sensation.

Wearied as I had become, I felt no inclination to sleep; in fact, it seemed as if I had never been more wakeful in all my life. I walked up and down the narrow room; I lay down on the bed, trying to woo slumber by listening to the ceaseless drip, drip of the rain upon the roof; but all in vain; my brain seemed preternaturally active.

"I will sit down and write to Berenice," I thought. "That will soothe my nerves and quiet me, perhaps."

I descended the ladder. The fire still glowed redly on the stone beneath; my companion and the woman sat beside it, talking in a low tone, and a third person sat at the table eating—a short, stout, villainous-looking man in a red flannel shirt and muddy trowsers.

I asked for writing materials. A bottle of ink, a stumpy pen, and a couple of sheets of soiled paper, were brought out of a little cupboard in the chimney, and I returned to my room to write to my wife.

"*My Darling Berenice.*"

I paused and laid down my pen as I concluded the words, half smiling to think what she would say could she know of my strange quarters—she, my fair little Italian flower, now regaining her lost roses under the blue balmy sky of her native land. Sweet little Berenice! She, at least, was spared the perils of this stormy midnight!

Not until both sheets were covered did I lay aside my pen and prepare for slumber. As I folded the paper, I happened to glance towards my couch.

Was it the gleam of a human eye observing me through the cracks of the board partition? or was it but my own fancy? Whatever it was, it sent a cold chill through the very marrow of my bones. I took my light to reconnoitre. There was a crack there, but only blank darkness beyond; yet I could have sworn that something had sparkled balefully at me.

I took out my watch—it was one o'clock. It was scarcely worth while for me to undress for three hours' sleep; I would lie down in my clothes and snatch what slumber I could. So, placing my valise close to the head of my bed, and barricading the lockless door with the two chairs, I extinguished the light and lay down.

At first I was very wakeful, but gradually a soft drowsiness seemed to steal over me like a misty mantle, until, all of a sudden, some startling electric thrill coursed through all my veins, and I sat up, excited and trembling.

A luminous softness seemed to glow and quiver through the room—no light of moon or star was ever so soft or penetrating—and by the little window I saw Berenice, my wife, dressed in floating garments of white, with her long golden hair knotted back by a blue ribbon. Apparently she was beckoning to me with outstretched hands and eyes full of wild, anxious tenderness.

I sprang to my feet and rushed towards her, but as I reached the window the fair apparition seemed to vanish into the stormy darkness, and I was left alone. At the self-same instant, the sharp report of a pistol sounded—I could see the jagged stream of fire above the pillar—straight, straight through the very spot where, ten seconds since, my head had lain.

With an instantaneous realization of my danger, I swung myself over the ledge of the window, jumping some eight or ten feet into the tangled rose-bushes below, and as I crouched there, recovering my breath, I heard the tramp of footsteps into my room.

"Is he dead?" cried a voice up the ladder—the smooth, deceitful voice of the woman with the half-closed eyes.

"Of course he is," growled a voice back, "that charge would have killed *ten* men! A light there, quick! and tell Tom to be ready to dispose of it."

"It!" A cold, agonized shudder ran through me as I realized what "it" meant. What den of midnight murderers had I fallen into? And how fearfully narrow had been my escape. With a speed that only mortal terror and deadly peril can give, I rushed through the woods, now illumined by a faint glimmer of starlight. I know not what impulse guided my footsteps—I never shall know how many times I crossed my own track, or how close I stood to the brink of the deadly ravine; but some merciful Providence encompassed me with guiding and protecting care, for when the morning dawned, with faint red bars of orient light against the stormy eastern sky, I was close to the high road, some seven miles from R——.

Once at the town, I told my story to the local police, and a detachment was sent with me to the spot. After much searching, and many false alarms, we succeeded in finding the ruinous old shanty; but it was empty and deserted. Our birds had flown; nor did I ever recover my valise and watch and chain, which latter I had left under my pillow.

"It's Drew's gang," said the leader of the police: "and they've troubled us these two years. I don't think, though, they'll come back here just at present."

Nor did they.

But the strangest part of my story is to come yet. Some three weeks subsequently I received a letter from my sister, who was with Berenice in her Italian home—a letter whose intelligence filled me with surprise.

"I must tell you something very, very strange," wrote my sister, "that happened to us on the night of the seventeenth of October. Berenice had not been so well for some time; in fact, she had been confined to her bed for nearly a week; and I was sitting beside her reading. It was late; the clock had just struck one, when all of a sudden she seemed to faint away, growing cold and rigid as a corpse. I hastened to call assistance; but all our efforts seemed vain to restore life or animation. I was just about sending Antonio for the doctor when her senses returned as suddenly as they had left her, and she sat up in bed, pushing back her hair and looking wildly around her.

"'Berenice!' I exclaimed, 'how you have terrified us all! Are you ill?'

"'Not ill,' she answered; 'but I feel so strange, Gracie, I have been with my husband!'

"And all our reasonings failed to convince her of the impossibility of her assertions. She persists to this moment that she saw you and was with you on the night of the seventeenth of October, or rather on the morning of the eighteenth. Where and how she cannot tell; but we think it must have been some dream. She is better now, and I wish you could see how fast she is improving."

This is my plain, unvarnished tale. I do not pretend to explain or account for its mysteries. I simply relate facts. Let psychologists unravel the labyrinthical skein. I am not superstitious, neither do I believe in ghosts, wraiths and apparitions; but this thing I do know—that although my Italian wife was at Naples, in the body, the morning of the eighteenth of October, her spirit surely stood beside me in the moment of the deadly peril that menaced me. It may be that, to the subtle instinct and strength of a wife's holy love, all things are possible; but Berenice surely saved my life.

—Prayer is not eloquence, but earnestness; not the definition of helplessness, but the feeling of it; not figures of speech, but compunction of soul.

—Amongst such as out of cunning hear all and talk little, be sure to talk less; or if you must talk, say little.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A BELL-RINGER in Oxford, named Brown, having been almost killed by the clapper of a bell falling on him, an arch young student seeing his mischance, and conceiving the wound incurable, wrote over against the place where the accident happened, these verses:

Here lies John Brown, the University capper,
That lived by the bell, and died by the clapper.

But Brown recovering, and seeing these verses, wrote underneath:

John Brown's alive, and lives in hope
To live by the bell, when thou diest by the rope.

CONCLUSIVE TESTIMONY.—A witness being called to give evidence in a court in Connecticut respecting the loss of a shirt, gave the following, "Mother said, that Ruth said, that Nell said, that Poll told her, that she see a man that see a boy run through the street with a streaked flannel shirt, all checker, checker, checker; and our gals won't lie, for mother has whipped them a thousand times for lying."

A CHARACTERISTIC anecdote is related of an out-at-elbows poet, who, by some freak of fortune, came into possession of a five dollar bill. He called to a lad, and said—"Johnny, my boy, take *William* and get it changed." "What do you mean by calling it *William*?" inquired the wondering lad. "Why, John," replied the poet, "I am not sufficiently familiar with it to take the liberty of calling it *Bill*."

LITERARY POLITENESS.—One writer taunts a brother knight of the quill by saying, "Try again, slanderer of cripples and school-girls;" and the playful answer comes: "We don't do such things, thank you, and whoever says we do lies. Try again, ruffian, knave, and sneak from paying tax on your property."

A CHRISTIAN brother was lately giving in a religious meeting the experiences of himself and family, saying, among other things, that his first wife was a very good woman, but she sickened and died in a happy frame of mind, and he should rejoice if his present partner would go just the same way.

"No, no! you *sha'n't* do it!" exclaimed an old lady, as she sprang to her nephew's side and firmly grasped an umbrella which he was about to carry out into the rain, adding, "that umbrella haint been wet these twenty-three years, and I aint a-going to have it wetted now in its ripe old age."

"THERE are some things which will never be hurt by falling," growled an old man in Washington Market the other morning. "What's *them?*" inquired a huckster. "*Prices*," said the old man, "they're so awful *slow* in falling, that they'll never get smashed."

"WE'VE lost a great many hogs this season, by the new disease," said an Indianian to a traveller. "The *new* disease! what's that?" "Lightnin', sir; it takes 'em awful sudden, and they dies without a single squeal."

A LADY complained of the insolence of some coal heavers. "To tell you the truth, madam," answered the employer, apologetically, "we have failed in our efforts to get gentlemen to undertake the business."

EFFECTS OF SPECULATION.—A speculator at the West recently said to a friend—"When I first came to Chicago I had not a *rag* to my back, and now I am covered with rags."

"MY boy," said a distinguished merchant to his son who was meditating matrimony, "be sure, in making your selection, to get hold of a piece of goods that will wash."

THE young ladies of this generation are very public-spirited; there's hardly any of them that wouldn't be willing to have her paternal domicile used as a court-house.

"PA, are cannibals people that live on other folks?" "Yes, my dear." "Then, pa, Uncle George must be a cannibal, for ma says he's always living on somebody."

AVOID argument with the ladies. In spinning yarns among silks and satins, a man is sure to be worsted and twisted; he may consider himself wound up.

"MACDUFF! what a singular appellation for a hen. Pray, madam, why did you give her that name?" "Because I wanted her to 'lay on.'"

A WALL-STREET CONUNDRUM.—Why is a forged note like a whisper? Because it is uttered, but not allowed (aloud.)

WHEN may the funds be supposed to be unsteady? When money is "tight."

WHAT herb is it that cures all diseases? Thyme (time).

CURRENT ITEMS.

A HORSE, attached to a small wagon containing two ladies and three children, ran away in Bethlehem, N. H., and coming to a narrow portion of the road, on one side of which was a deep gulf with precipitous bank, the wheels of the wagon ran over the edge, and horse, vehicle and contents, all went crashing down some eighty feet. The horse was killed; but, strange to say, neither women nor children were severely injured.

THREE brothers living in Natchitoches, La., one of whom was a judge, another a doctor, and the third a planter, murdered a neighbor, a few weeks ago, for political and private hatred. The doctor and the judge were arrested and taken to New Orleans for sure keeping, where they recently died in prison, and the planter is now a fugitive in Texas, with officers of justice on his track hunting him down.

A LADY living in Louisville, Ky., was killed by the sting of a bee, a short time since, while in her garden. The bee stung her twice, first on the neck, and then under the left eye. She lived only about ten minutes. This is the second lady who has been killed by a bee-sting during the present season.

A MAN, who refused to give his name, was bitten by a dog supposed to be mad, in the Third avenue, on Thursday afternoon of last week. His reason for withholding his name, as given by himself, was, that it would injure his credit were it known that he had been bitten by a mad dog.

A BOOT was found floating in the East River, the other day, and, on being fished out by a boatman, he was horrified by discovering that the boot contained a portion of a human leg and the foot belonging to it. The boot and contents were taken to the Bellevue Hospital.

A HORRIBLE throat-cutting occurred in Cuba, about nine miles from Havana, a short time since,—a young and jealous Cuban, for purposes of revenge, first cutting the throats of his sweetheart and of his rival, and then finishing up by cutting his own.

A FARMER in Minnesota killed himself with a musket, shooting half of his head off, because his crops had been ruined by heavy rains. It was the third year that the poor man's hopes had been blighted, and he gave up the life-struggle in despair.

DURING the last passage of the steamer *Rising Star* from Aspinwall to this port, the ship's painter, who was painting just forward of the wheel, fell from the chains which supported him, was hit by the wheel and never seen again.

HOSEA GRAIK, a Mormon, was killed and devoured by a grizzly bear, about ten miles from Salt Lake city, while he was out looking for an oil-well, which one of his wives had dreamed about the night before.

A DESTITUTE woman in Augusta, Ga., being served with a summons in an action for debt, squared all her earthly accounts by cutting her throat. The destitution in some parts of the South is still frightful.

IN Los Angeles County, California, a couple grape-growers got into a fight, when one of them knocked the other down with a spade, and then split open his skull with the same implement.

No less than five persons—two men and three boys—were drowned in the East and Hudson rivers, in one evening, last week. The boys went in bathing, and the men fell in accidentally.

A SAVAGE fight occurred in Hudson City, N. J., on Friday evening of last week, between a couple of roughs, who pummelled and gouged one another in a shocking manner.

THE boddices of ladies' ball and party dresses, in London and Paris, are said to be becoming frightfully meagre, and seem to be patterned after those of infants in arms.

A BROOKLYN rowdy was arrested the other day and fined ten dollars for setting a couple of dogs fighting in the street.

A GIRL only fourteen years old lately committed suicide near Raleigh, N. C., "an account of unrequited love."

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends to act as such for us, you can safely pronounce him a humbug.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE.

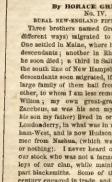
BY HORACE GREELEY.

No. IX.

RURAL NEW-ENGLAND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Three brothers named Greeley (spelled five different ways) migrated to America in 1640. One settled in Maine, where he has many living descendants; another in Rhode Island, where he soon died; a third in Salisbury, Mass., near the south line of New Hampshire, into which his descendants soon spread, and in which, one large family of them laid from Gilmanton; another, by whom I am here remotely related, from Wilton; my own great-grandfather (named Zacchæus, as was his son, my grandfather, and his son my father) lived in or on the verge of Londonderry, in what was in my youth Nottingham-West, and is now Hudson, whose name I reckon from Boston, (which was then Dunstable or nothing). I have heard of a Woodbury of our stock, who was not a farmer; but the Greeleys of our day, while mainly farmers, are in part blacksmiths. Some of them have in this century engaged in trade, and are presumed to have acquired a dollar more or less; but most of us are not of the tribe of Zaccheus.

My grandfather Greeley was a most excellent, though never a thrifty citizen. Kind, mild, easy-going, honest and shiftless, he married



[THE HOUSE IN WHICH MR. GREELEY WAS BORN.]

young, and reared a family of thirteen—nine sons and four daughters, most of whom died in youngest was thirty years old; while a majority lived to be seventy and five, or the girls—at least two of them having seen more than eighty summers.

So many children in the house of a poor and by no means thrifty father! At an age when food and cloth cost twice the labor they now do, made economy a necessity; and a virtue that I presume none of those children ever sadly heard professionally the hunger, while all of them obtained such education as was afforded by the common schools of forty to eighty years ago; or, if not, the fault was their own. Still, the schools have been ever ruled and rung, the teachers less competent, and the terms much shorter, than now; while attendance was quite irregular, being suspended on slight pretexts; so that I have heard my father say that his winters' schooling after he came of age—when for three months he lived with and boarded at his father's and studied diligently—was worth more to him than all that preceded it.

My grandfather owned and worked small farms successively in Londonderry, Nottingham-West and Londonderry, and was living in the latter when I was loaned or lifted into where, on the death of his wife when he was about seventy-five years of age, he married a second time, a remarkable woman, who was Gilbert, living in Manchester; but, the wedding before him, he found a home with Gilbert in Londonderry, with his older son John, whose wife he joins that part of the Woodbury in the Hall of Rogers' respective houses being but a quarter of a mile apart—and here, in his fulness of days, he died, aged 84. (My grandfather Woodbury died at 83, nearly twenty years before.) A devoted, consistent, life-long Christian—originally of the Baptist, but subsequently of the Methodist persuasion—exemplary in deportment and blameless in life, I do not believe that my grandfather Greeley ever made an enemy; and, while he never held an office and his property was probably at no time worth two thousand dollars, and generally much less, I do not think that, when few men were ever more sincerely and generally esteemed than by those who knew him.

My father—married at 21 to Mary Woodburn, who was then but a few years older—began life on farms he was to work, and inherit, supporting his old father and their still numerous minor children; but he soon tired of this and seeded; I regarding the mercantile life as more genial, and more likely to afford him a competence. He was a man of strong and noble impulses, passionate and impetuous, but generally kept under control; and, though he was not a member of any church, he was a regular attendant on the worship and religious instruction of the Universalist society, and a liberal supporter of the same. He was a Democrat, and never swerved from his allegiance to the party of his choice, though he was not a bitter partisan, and was always ready to vote for a Whig for any office for which he deemed him the better man. He was a man of strong and ardent affections, and his children were all fondly attached to him. He died in 1826, when I was but little more than thirteen years old, and I have but a few distinct recollections of him; but I remember him as a man of large and commanding form, and of a face and head that would be noticed anywhere.

My father bought and removed to this farm early in 1826; here his first two children died; here I was born, (February 3d, 1811,) and my only surviving brother on the 12th of June, 1812. The house—a modest, framed, unpainted structure of one story—was then quite new; it was only modified in our time by filling up and making habitable the chamber and adding the kitchen, which, having already devoured all the wood on the farm, proved ravenously for more. This growing room we owned when we settled here, about two-thirds down the hill; the orchard of nursery fruit covered two or three acres of the side next the road, with the patch of garden and a few rods beyond. It seemed to me that sweeter and more spicy apples grew in that neglected orchard than can now be bought in the markets of the world; and those early strawberries attain their highest and best flavor at or near the coldest latitude in which they can be grown at all. That orchard was not young fifty years ago, and, having been long neglected and pasture, never tilled nor enriched, and rarely pruned, must be nearly run out by this time.

My father was not a good farmer nor working farmer, struggling to pay off the debt he had incurred in buying his high-priced farm, and to support his increasing family; I was early made acquainted with the hoe, the scythe and the cold summer (1816), when we rose on the 4th of June to find the earth covered with a good inch of newly-fallen snow—when there was four every month, and corn did not fill till October. Potatoes were always planted as soon, while burrowing insects fed and flourished on them. My turn for a time was to precede my father a few hours in the corn, dig open the hills, and kill the wireworms and grubs that were instigating our fathers harvest. To "ride horse to plow" was for some my more usual vocation; the latter breaking and guiding the oxen, sure when furrowing for or filling the planted rows; occasionally, the plow would strike a stump or stone, and then all stopped, while the driver, with handspike and lever, pried the obstruction out, while burrowing insects fled and hastened to them. My turn for a time was to precede my father a few hours in the corn, dig open the hills, and kill the wireworms and grubs that were injuring our father's

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

REVELATION.

BY MRS. ALICE BROWN.

Between us some day after-time,
When no remember or no forget
Are matters of mere routine,
When hearts close only after choice—
Is it your will to tell me then
Of one day waiting grace,
Of this, sweet, angrier day,
When all my memories face to face—
Revelation Wisdom, we shall tell,
Each of Nature's darkest love—
Of a light of knowledge won
Sweet and irreverence's sake,
Of a day we had no reason
For our restless pursuit, crying—
Let me see now and strange
Let me forgotten thought.

Remembrance of the years,
Of the hours of strife, the layers of sloth,
Of the problem of our fears,
To that sad confession rejoices of life:
You let wait not on the light,
You let the shadow of spiritual pain,
And of the Apocalypse
Let me be content knowing pain!

Revelation: We live one hour,
Then we shall be gone ship away;
Leaving sorrings up and down,
Leaving an immortal day!
Revelation everywhere
Of the waves of being swell,
Except bread against the door
Of life's eternal citadel!

FIXING HER WAY.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "DISTRUSTED, THE MAN-HATER," "HELD-TO-BE," "THE RIVAL BELLES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

ALEXANDER STRIKES A LIGHT.

Death—that fell defiance of the human heart—
Is dark bed. A man may have passed
Through the whole college he knew world and
Every degree; may have run
Every race of body and brain; may have
Felt also that this earth is a beach him
Or he has never had a good, dangerous,
Rapid of illness, his education has been
Incomplete.

Under Lyon had been a strong, strapped,
Man, and, from any external force
Or dirt, but by the internal support of great
Physical health and large wealth,
Consideration, since he had no expectation
Of ever be needed to strength of sympathy with
Sorrowers, and to his own imagination,
Does realize them. Death, were to him abstract
Conception, and learned knowledge of three.
He had not buried his parents by death;
Try, he had very nearly, and the father had
Not died, but a sister, a man called away on a
Voluntary; and these had been only
Slight illness; and their decease had left
Dulls mind the sense of absence rather than
Proof death.

Chapter, within a few hours before he died
Had been forced to think of his own possible
Case, he had, for a while, looked at death
Microphe, which in his great excitement he
Temporarily mistook for a friend.

But he never imagined being wounded and
Helpless, and in anguish and languishing on
Bed of weakness and pain.

Yet here he was.

On the third day after that upon which he had
been wounded, Lyon found he was ill, and
from having been stupid and quiet he became
delirious and violent.

General Lyon had left him, as we have seen,
and Dr. Trevelyan had also, and gone
to London on imperative business.

And Alexander now in the hands of the
skilful surgeon which the magnanimous
Prince Bristol forced on him with his own
kiss. And the surgeon was assisted by the visit
time and by the services of a male nurse.

For eight terrible days the wounded man
turned with fever and delirium. On the eighth
night, days, within his tireless and agonized
Brain, and a fierce struggle between the
forces of life and death—on one side, the
strength of constitution and of his skilful
surgeon, life at length dawn of the critical ninth
day.

It was about the hour of
day, that the fever finally left him, and
the surgeon, who was the first to perceive
had watched by his bedside in the manner of
the signs of returning consciousness as
Keeper's hands and his
he wrote.

"The imminent danger is over now. He will
recover, unless he should have a re-
lapse, which we must carefully guard against.
Bullets, which we had almost his watch.
Bullets blind, but her nine days, had never
Sime, who, for the last had snatched his sleep
once here in the room, or, stand-
ing, when exhausted, yawned frightfully, and
big, and ever talking, and asked if he
said no word
more to be done.

The surgeon left him that he might not; then
he, for a few hours, he must watch beside his
master; after which he, Mr. Sime, should
relieve the man; should be relieved.

Then, at length, the surgeon went away, to get
some sleep and lunch.

And Sime sat back in the best easy chair,
which, by Doctor Dale, and stretched his
feet out on the bed-clothes, and his eyes
on the patient.

He watched only watcher beside the wounded man
And the only sleeping Eye.

Was the as sleeping Eye over,—the fever was
gone, the frenzy calmed, and the patient step-
ped, consciousness, quietly, quietly, because his
patient slept also and the room was so still.

Sime, I said, sat in the shadow of the bed-about
train favorable, and then Doctor Dale pronounced the
four o'clock in the afternoon, and then left him.

At eight o'clock, the surgeon returned to the
sick chamber, where he found Alexander
still asleep.

Without waking Sime, he went around to
the other side of the bed, and examined the
wounded man with the keenest eyes which
he ever had examined. The patient was sleeping calm-
ly and breathing. His pulse was regular
and full, and his skin cool and moist.

"All is a favorable symptom," said the surgeon to himself.

And then, darting to wake up the attendant,
but he should disturb the patient, the doctor
bent his head over his pillow, pulling out the
window, opening the windows, and letting
the fresh air into the room.

Then he went down stairs to get his own
breakfast, of which he had not yet
meant to be prepared for the wounded man to
take as soon as he should awaken.

When he again returned to the room he found
Sime awake and sitting upright in the chair.

The doctor raised his finger to warn the valet
not to speak or make a noise, but he should dis-
turb the sleeper, and then signed him to leave
the room.

And the valet gladly took himself away.

Doctor Dale watched himself beside his patient
to watch for his awakening. As it is neither use-
ful nor entertaining to sit and stare a sleeper in
the face, the surgeon took out a newspaper
from his pocket and opened it and began to
read, filling his eyes occasionally to look at his
sleeping friend. But at length he got upon several cit-
izens of highly interesting editorial leading
upon the politics of Prussia, and he became so

absorbed in the subject that he read on, forget-
ful of his patient for fifteen or twenty
minutes. He might have gone on for thirty
forty minutes more without lifting his eyes from
the paper had he not heard his name whispered.

With a slight start he turned and looked at
his charge.

Alexander Lyon was lying awake and calmly
contemplating his physician.

Doctor Dale dropped his paper and bent over
his charge.

"You are better" he said, quietly.

Alexander nodded.

"How do you feel?"

"Weak."

"How long have you been awake?"

"Few—my—three—hours—I think. I don't
know," whispered Alick, feebly and with pain
and difficulty.

"Oh no!" said the surgeon, taking out his
watch and consulting it, "not so long as that,
but, though it may seem so to you; not more
than fifteen or twenty minutes at the most."

And Doctor Dale put up his watch and took
hold of the wrist of his charge.

"I've—been ill—long—long," whispered
Alick, looking up into the doctor's observ-
ant eyes.

"No; there again you are mistaken. You
have been down little more than a week. But

THE CONVALESCENT.

this it will be the best for you. Will you do it?
Mind, and if you mean to?"

Alexander bobbed.

"That's right. And now—do you feel hungry
or thirsty?" he inquired that question,
because I didn't ask it rightly, and you can't
answer it without speaking. I will put it in
another form. Do you feel hungry?"

Alexander nodded.

"And thirsty?"

Alick hesitated a moment and then nodded.

"Then I understand. You are quite sure you
are hungry; but you are not so very sure that
you are thirsty. And upon the whole you feel
as if you would like something to eat rather
than as well. Just as we all feel about break-
fast time, eh?"

Alexander nodded and smiled.

"Quite right," said the surgeon.

And then he rang the bell.

"Would you like a tea, cream toast, and
poached eggs?" inquired the surgeon.

He was answered by the nodding head.

The valet came, and received the surgeon's
orders to prepare the required refreshments and
to send the valet to the room.

And when these should be prepared, and while waiting
for the breakfast to be prepared, the dressings of
the patient's wounds, and made him clean and
fresh and comfortable, so that he might be nice
to enjoy the delicate repast that had been
ordered for him.

After the change of clothes and his nourish-
ing breakfast, he was laid down again upon
his pillows, and he and he himself was enjoined to
rest.

And rest was of vital importance to him; for
though his wounds were not dangerous in
themselves, yet to move, was still not only
difficult and painful, but was positively very
dangerous to his disordered chest. So he was
enjoined to rest.

Rest!

His bed was fresh and fragrant, and on
it there was no rest for the pain-racked,
wearied body. But when one has been for
the newly awaken mind and started con-
sciousness!

Lying there in forced inactivity, in his bed-
darkened chamber, he began to read, feebly at
first, and then to engage his attention with-
talk, with the things around him, with
out, his thoughts would drift back to the
gloomy scenes of the battle. What he had
seen, and what he had done. There were devilish furies,
ferocious beasts, monstrous reptiles, fighting
there were the forms of the passions
monkey-passions that he had indulged in,
that had poisoned his blood, and
he—could he see, then, entirely out while God
were so quiescent?

And there were their victims and his own;
those forms of wounded love; the fallen
angels of deceived honor; the ghastly
image of dishonored beauty.

What a city of desolation, what a valley of
dry bones was this sin-darkened soul!

He groaned so deeply that the surgeon came
to his side.

"Where's your pain?"

Alexander shook his head; he could not tell.

The surgeon examined the wounds, and found
them doing very well; and he changed their
dressings, but did not seem so much good.

The doctor wondered that his patient still suf-
fered so much pain, and he wondered still
better than Macbeth's physician, how to minister
to "a mind diseased."

The convalescence of the wounded man was
not nearly so rapid or assured as he surgeon
had hoped and expected. How could it be,
when he was haunted by memories of the
tured by conscience? In these long still days
and nights on the sick-bed in the dark cham-
ber, he was forced to look back upon his own
life, to judge it, to see where he had failed, to
learn? What were they now? False and cruel
and treacherous and selfish, and he had been
and cruel his deeds, darkened and ruined his life
But out of all the gloom and horror of the
brightly one form—holy as a saint, lovely as the
Virgin Mother of God—shone forth, with
what an intense and vehement longing he look-
for her presence!—longed for it, but was in
fearful it, though in the image that he saw in
his fancy "pitiful" the white face and form glowed
and vibrated with compassion and beauty.
Blending brightened the clear brow; pity soft-
ened the dark eyes; love, love unmistak-
uttered the lines of the strained lips.

Was it strange that he should have seen her
only in this light?

Remember, he who had loved her and made
her happy, and had wronged her and made her
wretched—he had seen her beautiful face beam-
ing with heavenly happiness, or quivering with
anxiety, or darkened with grief, but he had
never once seen it distorted by passion,
never once imaged for the human heart to
be rendered.

No wonder he had never given her a name
but how he would fall upon her knees before
her, and how lovingly her eyes would look
on him; no wonder how sweetly her tones would
sound in his ear.

Now it was not for all this he wanted her at his
side.

It was that he might make atonement
was yet in his power for the wrongs he had done
her; that he might bow down before her
at the feet of this meek girl, and ask her par-
don, that he might take her to his heart again,
and devote his life to make her happy.

Oh, that he might die her pardon before,
and as his wife her back!

He wished that she had been poor, so
that he might have enriched her; or sick, so
that he might have taken her over the world
for her health; or that she had been ill, so
that he might have tended her; or dying, so
that he might have saved her. And every
enemy and dragged him to her feet again in
those conditions he would have made him
his heart, and a fourfold entitlement into his
favor.

Oh, that she were poor, or ill, or abused, that
he might watch her, or serve her, or defend
her, and so win the right to love her.

But she was none of these. She was an inde-
pendent of him as any queen could be, and she
was rich and powerful, perfectly healthy, and highly
esteemed; and, finally, there was no one around
her whom any tenderness could avenge by be-
take vengeance. He was an utter failure
in the business of bringing any peace offer-
ings to her feet to atone for the wrongs he had
done her. Nothing of those thoughts, he would
so toss and groan in his bed. And all this very much
to the prejudice of his health.

But one was more pre-
pretexted his recovery.

Alexander saw this gloom and horror still be-
fore the bereaved and he was angry and
he was pained, and he still longed to have it
gone and feel, and he still longed to have it
realized; longed, yet dreaded.

"Oh! that I could do her some great service!
Oh, that the Lord would take pity on me and
give me the power!

And then, among his other thoughts, of course,
thought of the one woman, to have her name
upon his lips.

In the natural reaction—the calmness that
the extremest of his passions,
when raised to supernatural excitement, he felt
he just cause for the jealousy that had
been in one of the saddest acts of his life.

That Prince Ernest should have admired Dru-
was only natural and inevitable, since
very one who was brought into her company
did he not, that he should have wished to
her, was equally inevitable, since
Alexander knew that she was the most
and most beautiful woman, to have her name
mixed up in any such matter.

Then, afternoon, they were cautious in this
subject; but had often conversed been regard-
ing it, and he did not give his confidence
newspapers, and if so, with how much exaggera-
tion and misrepresentation.

Of course he would not tell. He longed to
speak to her himself from conscious. He
would have examined the papers, but they were
not to be had, and he was forbidden to
read.

That is better self-communings, in remorse, in
suspense and anxiety, the first days of his con-
valescence slowly were passed.

Patricia Trudgar had not returned, and he
had remained in the house with the surgeon and
the valet.

And although he was debarred from reading
the newspapers, and forbidden to converse, and
he was left in ignorance of the most important
matters that concerned him, yet he had learned
something of what had transpired near him
since the mad duel.

He had partly surmised and partly overheard

enough to inform him that Prince Ernest, a fre-
quent visitor, had at some self-sacrifice
dispensed with the invaluable services of his
valet and attendant, that he, Alexander,
might have the advantage of that surgeon's ex-
perience at his bedside. And this circum-
stance had been to a true appreciation
regard for the Austrian, who was as noble by
nature as he was by descent.

And there was something else he had to
learn.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

THE LOVER'S QUARREL.

There learned more than he had ever dreamed
of before, from his sick, scanty letter
and stronger than ever.

One morning, when he was not forgotten
"I should tell you that your family while you were in
danger, were—"

"In my family —— I have——" Alexander
said, slowly, as if say," he had not
been ill there. Come what might, he would
not drag Beatrice and her child.

"You have an uncle and a cousin, sir," said
the surgeon, finishing Alexander's sentence for
him. The manner Alexander had first intended
to an uncle and a cousin, sir, to we were much
interested in your welfare. General Lyon and
Mr. Hamilton Gay." They in some manner
derived information of the intended duel; they
came to Jacob and followed you here; but they
arrived too late; they found you badly wounded
and lying insensible on the bed. They
returned the same day to London; but
have been here every week until you should be
out of consciousness and give us hopes of recovery
when they suddenly called away by business
business, of I know not what nature, as they
left no word. They left word, however, arrange-
ment with Mr. Trudgar, by which
their attendance was to write every day and
keep the general advised of the state of
Mr. Trudgar has left no word
sent, I know, until he also had to leave."

Alexander did not reply for some moments;
and when he did it was merely to say—

"Mr. Trudgar is not in London?"

Alexander fell into deep thought.

Patricia Trudgar, then, was not another sub-
ject for self-reproach, if not for deep wounds.
She might be happy with Ernest, and
Ernest was happy with her. Even
man! The freak and kindly young
had been more and bring all their troubles
during these family troubles, he
Prince Ernest and his wife, and
in and saved himself and his
from great misfortune of his violent passions.

But for General Lyon and Richard
Alexander would dreadful now have
who, could she have had the strength,
have left her husband to his fate, through
neglect, disappointed by their
position?

Alick groaned and tossed, at the thought of
his ingratitude.

In fact he was beginning to see himself and
his conduct in a new light. It seemed to him now
that he had wronged every body—Beatrice, Ernest,
Patricia, and his own relations with himself.

First, he had wronged his cousin, Anna, his
self-sacrificing friend, in every way. In
earliest betrothal, in every breach of his vows, since
he was the very best brother-in-law and friend
the betrothal had been nothing to the one or the other.
Alick, not yet agreeable to the new arrangement.
Next, he had wronged—he whose love and faith
were young, fresh, true—the object of himself; and
had never known the greatest sin. And he
began to see how full of selfishness and cruelty
had wronged his uncle, the guilty
he had always cherished him with a father's
affection. He had wronged his cousin, Richard
Gay, by his unlucky "dog," who
was always ready to forgive and forget, and to
be his fast friend in every emergency. He had
the noble Prince Ernest, by accusation, and driving him
to duel, he had been guilty of
into an unseemly duel with a
Then, he had wronged—when he came to reckon with
himself, whom had he not wronged?

No wonder he tossed and tumbled on his bed,
and groaned and moaned, and inflamed his wounds,
and raised and increased his pain, and in other ways
and protracted his recovery.

But with all, as he had a noble nature, he
began to see how big a fool to apply to
him—if that is not too complimentary to
a little human organism to be
valence.

One day he was permitted to sit up in bed for
a few moments, and he felt himself much re-
freshed by the change. The next day he was
to sit up a little longer, with increased advan-

At length there came a day when the patient
was so much better that his surgeon ventured
to leave him in the care of the valet and of the
people of the hotel, and go for a holiday to
the neighboring town of St. Hilary.

That day Alexander sat up in bed, well
propped up with pillows, and walked on by
Sime.

The valet had trimmed him up nicely, and, at
his request, had placed a small glass in his
hands that he might look at his face.

"Sime," he said, languidly, calmness
countenance it was to concentrated
clean-shaved chin and the close-cropped hair
added nothing to its attractions.

"Here is a face that looks like a newly-dis-
charged convict than a decent gentleman, or a
living one," muttered Alexander to himself as
he handed back the glass.

"Any more orders, sir?" inquired the valet.

"No—yes; now that Dale is off for a holiday,
I will take some recreation too, in my own way
—Sime?"

"Sir, sir."

"Do you know whether they keep the files of
the London papers here in the house?"

"I can inquire, sir?"

"Do so."

The valet left the room, and, after an absence
of a few minutes, returned with a pile of news-
papers in his hands.

"Here is a file of the Times for the last month,
sir," he said.

"Lay them on the foot of the bed where I can
reach them, and step off to the first-class and get a
cab."

"Here is a cab. It is the Twenty-seventh."

"That is day before yesterday's. Is there not
a later one?"

"Yes, sir. Any more orders?"

"Well"

Perhaps it is in the reading-room, sir. It
must have come by the last train—yesterday's
Times must, I mean, sir. They tell me they re-
ceive it by the day after publication. Stand
go and see if I can find it, sir."

"Yes—yes," said Alexander, quickly changing
his mind from one purpose to another, as he
often does with convalescents, and when from
captive or irresolution than from any
forgetfulness of what they really wish.
"No," he repeated, suddenly remembering what
he wished to ascertain without any impression
notice had been taken of his holiday by the
Times. "No—I—don't want it. Take the
paper just yet. I have not often so far behind
newly-a month. I should like to find out what
the world's news that I am
ing the one I left off with, and
over those of a week to see what the world has
been doing while I have been lying here. Give
me the paper of the date of the second of
June."

The valet looked through the file, and handed
the required copy.

"Now leave the others there where I can
reach them."

"Yes, sir. Any more orders?"

"Not just now. I will ring if
want you."

Left to himself, Alexander opened the paper
and glanced over its contents. Column after
column, page after page, he turned, and
found it deeply interested in rapid review before him. But
no notice of the duel was to be found in the
newspaper. He threw it aside and took up and as
rapidly examined another; but with the same
success. Then he took a third, of the date June
the third, and found what he sought. Under
the eye was the paragraph of which he was in
search.

It was under the head "JERSEY," and it read
as follows:

"An affair of honor so called came off yesterday
morning in the neighborhood of Jersey between
the Highness Prince Ernest of Austria and
Alexander Lyon, Esq., in which the
latter had the misfortune to receive a severe
wound. The cause is said to have been a beautiful
young widow, whose name is withheld from
public. A few days since created such a sensa-
tion in the fashionable circles of Paris by the
elopement of the married wife of
Gay, who had since her returned to his
own country. The parties in the duel
were both young men in society, and
will have a serious impression upon
the fashionable circles of Paris."

Alexander read these lines with
dark Alexander read these comments. So she
had left her husband, and the fashionable
people viewed his motives!

"Sime," he said, as he laid the paper
down, "it serves me right; but I am truly sorry
for the lady whose name is mixed up in the affair.
She has not been mentioned by that
circumstance."

Then he turned to other parts of the paper,
but he could not command his mind
and to the memory of the
out of his mind.

What is this?

"OUR THOUSAND PIECES REWARD!"

Alexander's heart has run away now, of
which importance that a "thousand pieces" is
to him. "Sime," he said Alexander, as he
looked more closely at the advertisement.

"Yes, sir," said the valet.

"A child lost!—A child lost!—A child lost!"
Heaven have mercy on my soul, is Beatrice
lost?" he exclaimed, turning even paler than
he was before. And he laid the advertisement
down for the last child. And the answer-
ing of the second letter of the second
paragraph.

In the first half dozen papers it was one thou-
sand pounds; in the next it was increased to
fifteen hundred pounds, and in the next to two
hundred pounds. The last paper he examined
was the date of June Twenty-seventh,
was the which the advertisement was
inserted.

"Good Heavens! not found up to the day be-
fore yesterday!" Alexander, as he threw
the third Alexander, as he tossed
the paper from him, and sprang out of bed
speedily brought Sime in alarm to the
"Sime," he said, "I must go to London again, sir!" ex-
claimed the valet, seeing his master's determi-
and excited look.

"Yes, sir, I must go to London again, sir!" ex-
claimed the valet, seeing his master's determi-
and excited look.

"No, it is nothing of the sort. Sime, go down
stairs, and see if you can get me a time-table
of the Times that has arrived on the coffee
it is not in the reading-room, or, if you
can, or if any body else has it, or send
to me, and I will run and get it. Be quick, Sime,
into the town and try to find it. Be quick, Sime,
seller's or news agent's. Be quick, Sime,"

"Yes, sir, I will," answered the man, hurry-
ing from the room.

Alexander sank back upon his pillow to wait

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for his servant's pains. He had not to wait very long.

In less than six minutes Sims re-entered the chamber, lighting two papers in his hand.

"Here's the Times of yesterday morning and the Express of yesterday evening, sir. I got them both of the news agent close by."

"Give them to me!" exclaimed Alexander, eagerly grasping the papers.

He hastily examined the Times. Yes, there was the advertisement still standing. He turned to the Express, and there, there also it stared him in the face, with a new date, the date of the day of publication, and with a still higher reward offered.

Three hundred pounds! were now offered to any person or persons who should restore the child, or give such information as should lead to its recovering him to his distressed mother.

"No fiend-like cunning evening! Poor Drusilla! poor, poor Drusilla! and poor little Lenny! groaned Alick, as his eyes were riveted upon the advertisement.

Then he right thought within him: a Heavenly inspiration filled him. His countenance became eager and animated.

"I will go in search of her child! I will do what all the fight and vigilance of my mind and all my means in the world will not do, and I will find him! And find him I will and will restore him to his mother's lap and ask her forgiveness, and she will grant it me for the child's sake! Oh! I prayed Providence to give me the power of doing two services, and I have hopes that it cannot be but I shall find her child, and secure pardon for my own misconduct."

Then looking up from his paper he called out:

"Sims!"

The valet who was at the other end of the room engaged in closing the window blinds to exclude the rays of the midday sun, turned and hurried toward the bedside.

"Sir, to which it, Sims?"

"A quarter past twelve, sir," answered the man, after looking at his silver timepiece.

"At what hour did Dr. Delle say that he would return here?"

"At ten to-night, sir, unless something unexpected should occur to cause you to require his services before that hour. In which case, sir, I was to send a mounted messenger after him."

"Not return until ten o'clock! that is well; for I must go out now from the house and return if he were here he would be sure to oppose my doing so, and I must be contrary with my kind physician. Sims!"

"Sir?"

"Go fetch me a timetable of the boats that leave the Hudson docks."

Sims vanished, and after an absence of a few minutes returned and said:

"If you please, sir, there are no time-tables. But the boats that start from as near the city as that leaves St. Auburn's for England is the steamer that sails every afternoon at ten o'clock every morning."

"Is that the only boat?"

"The only one that leaves St. Auburn's, sir; but there's another steamer from Jersey City every afternoon at three o'clock for Portsmouth, sir."

"Let me see! How far do they call St. Helier's from Jersey?"

"Go fetch me a timetable of the boats that leave the Hudson docks."

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"Is that the only boat?"

"The only one that leaves St. Auburn's, sir; but there's another steamer from Jersey City every afternoon at three o'clock for Portsmouth, sir."

"Let me see! How far do they call St. Helier's from Jersey?"

"About three miles, sir."

"That will do, you may retire and tell them to send me my bill, including Dr. Delle's. Then order a fly to be at the door by two o'clock. And then pack up my trunk and portmanteau as quickly as possible. We start for England in an hour."

The valet stared at his master in speechless astonishment for a moment, and then gasped:

"For England, sir?—in an hour, sir?"

"Yes! Don't I speak plainly enough? Be quick and do as you were told."

"Sir, sir, what would the doctor say? You have never left your room since you have been wounded—scarcely left your bed, sir—your—your—"

"Consider a fig's end! There are matters of more moment than my poor life that demand my presence in England! Sims! Alexander!"

"But, sir, the doctor said—"

"Sims! are you a valet, or the doctor?" demanded Alexander, sternly.

"A valet, sir."

"Then obey me at once, or I shall send you about your business!"

Sims knew that he had a predictable place, and a good master, though a self-willed one. He had really a strong attachment to him in this or any other measure. He was heartily tired of the dull monotony that he had been obliged to lead in the provincial little marine towns in the world. So, after looking at his master's face and relieved his conscience, by offering a respectful remonstrance to the unusual exertions on the part of the invalid, he yielded to circumstances, and set himself quietly to work to obey his master's orders.

Alexander wrote a note of thanks and of partial explanation to Doctor Piers, enclosed within it a munificent check, sent it down to the office to be handed to the surgeon on his return.

Alexander was a free man and a sane one, and there was no power to prevent him from doing exactly as he pleased. Sims and the servants were astonished at his sudden resolution to go abroad in his present condition, and could not travel be opposed him of running away from the doctor's and risking his good name, but they also plucklessly obeyed him and set about to do so.

And at two o'clock all his arrangements having been completed, Alexander, attended by his servant, entered the cab that was to take him to St. Helier's.

He reached there in time to catch the steamer and at dusk took her sailed for Portsmouth.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

WHAT A QUESTION!

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Influence of Custom.

I cannot but think that this constant progress of "tonish" manners and happy, if simple and innocent enjoyment, exerts a great, though little-noticed influence upon the whole great dark-leg family of man; and that each member of it, in some degree, and of his condition, shares something of its fury, after every such excitement. Neither is it surprising that in some persons, neither is it surprising, that in some persons the influence should be more than usually strong. The same law which operates to cut off such hasty motifs extends a perfectly-finished to others

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ed to Solomon and Son. I shall be sure to call in and you may chance to hear from me at an odd time or other."

"I hope that doesn't," as the eyes as she spoke.

"I will have no cause to apply to me again. You shall be deposited as you direct, as to this control so large a sum. The note I have in my father's name, with mine with and to me pure for a liability of his—if he have a bond for business, and I prefer, and have every reason to feel will not be badly managed."

"Very much indeed to him. She impatiently

to small form of such things? Do- to sit to write, and I will put it down," ...ble, payable at sight, for the ...ount. I shall keep a sharp lookout on ...ings as it proceeds, and your father ...ining in the hands of the bankers. ...ll you not ask him to pay it to-...row?"

...ed managed her father's affairs suffi- ...ly to know that such a request, and ...ble of the necessary words and ex- ...ns, was the impression of the writer. ...ment, nodded and said:

...ght to fill that up to her father's ...ll it yourself."

...ed it, but for which it is to be ex- ...ed Logee. "You can have nothing ...ainst me and myself, and I must certi- ...ith my signature on that paper."

...ed out of such a proposition in ...ss like this, but you shall be satis- ...

...ook to breast a small parcel inserted ...ments, including the piece ...ed envelope, endorsed on the

...ddress—Best of Treasure to my grand- ...—*Anne Bowdoin Logee*."

...r hour grasped it, held it to the ...ment, and then, with a sigh, ...d it over! This is the old man's ...ful in any hand like mine—even ...ed happiness for him, my dearest ...ld shall. I could live by it, and ...ld will not grant me this boon- ...ly touch or look of his good- ...ter visitor.

...s envelope is sealed, and you ...ts slip of paper so registered to ...ounds. The last obligation I shall ...ly comes into my possession, and ...ll be destroyed as soon as I get ...

...e no more, Mrs Logee, and I am ...ve you. Of course, you will ...ly sudden resolve as soon as ...ll be ready for things in your ...ssion of your right. You can ...ny part that circumstances have ...ed you of the ...

...ed Logee, with a sigh, as she ...ok the pocketbook, and, taking ...

...ve bid you goodnight, Mr. Lopez, ...ve and your children the best ...ssible health and happiness."

...ok the bell, and Mrs. Perkins ...ared at the door, wearing a most ...ed expression on her face. She ...ly said:

...ll show this gentleman out, and ...ady to the road."

...ed the old man. I can find my ...d I bent it in, Miss Logee. I trust ...ht!"

...she stumbled out of the room in ...ed haste to tell the news to her ...

...d I don't believe his clothes in ...ed Dick to the old woman, ...ould make a new man of him, ...s that to carry. What brought ...

...ed Logee, ...ot me," replied Mrs. Perkins, in ...ed, "but Mrs. Logee herself. ...ly frightened up my cold asthma- ...ation when it say's to me, 'Mrs. ...ump in his hands, and bring ...ge sausage to-morrow, and ...ve him rode was insensible to ...ation to whether my efforts to ...ch was before me, and I ...ed, pulled, pushed, rubbed ...ed, and the way in the dark- ...

...ed he door closed on him than ...ened on her knees to thank ...ly God over!

...ed she, "I have to ...p on kissing." I can now bring ...ve father home to-night, and ...ecome me as he daughter. I ...ed that you plan for the ...ssion—everything that can ...

...ed but throw a cloud over her ...ed by her sudden change of ...ughly so!

...ed she, "you will do all that will ...ssible for your self-respect. Then, ...ve, I am at your service, and long ...ou as called to your lover. You ...ve to-morrow, and I will be at ...ssed. See I in for Mr. Manly at ...ve's usual hour, and the ...ete peace document in a place of ...

...ught back to the proudly reckless of ...ed in marriage. Her hand, ...ed within by her grandfather to ...ed and a glance at a pic- ...ed on mother's diamonds there kept, ...e what her own previous wish, ...ed to her father, linked with them ...ome gaze and imagination ...e of collapsed happiness in the ...ing other her father away on ...ed on Mrs. Perkins came in ...ed at out the room, and ...ve ask at meals. With this ...ve could have no success, and ...ed.

...ed so long sought in vain has ...e at last. That single-hearted ...ed to have found the missing will, ...ed!

...ened the place she was pleading, ...e was awake; but the pressure ...ed her tongue and poured forth ...ed incoherent and congratulations ...ed and failed to answer them. She ...ed

...ed was it himself, I'll bet any- ...ver; and I guess he asked a ...ed to answer them. She ...ed

...ed she had no reward, or he will ...ed to the next thing; but you must ...ed

be very prudent and say nothing of his visit here."

Of course, mes, I understand. Shut my mouth things back! asses, grunt like pigs, and don't want their visits talked about. I know all to my father. And I'll hold my tongue of course. But I just wish the fellow could be brought to justice, don't think his plan of being put in his carriage."

"I would cheerfully have paid him double the sum I am to give him if he could have done it quietly, and fortune three months ago," replied Miss, with a sigh.

Logee impudently broke in:

"Give me my due, Jane; I am tired and too much excited for my state of health."

Mrs. Perkins acted on the hint, and served the supper in silence, though her beaming and triumphant glances told that how deeply she shared in her joy.

As soon as she went to Dick to eat on her Newport at an early hour on the following morning with a note written by Miss to Mr. Manly, briefly informing him of what had occurred, and requesting his favourable appearance at the Glades.

It was later than usual when Mr. Logee rose, and, these not several hours visiting with Mrs. Perkins, and blithely amusing her fancy plans. For a brief space of time, she was dou- ly, unutterably happy; for she felt sure that never to take counsel to her the sweetness of the cup that was so unexpectedly dashed to her lips. She quaffed whole draughts of joy, and heart, nearly did she need them to sustain her through the inner trials that awaited her loving and devoted heart.

Soon at a late hour retired to her own apartment. She looked in on her father, and found he was sleeping quietly; and after putting out her light, it awake to Heaven, she sank upon her knees, hoping to dream of Godsey Benton—to be with him at least in spirit through the hours of slumber.

But sleep refused to come to her eye-lids; the excitement of the evening had effectually banished it, and the unusual form of her second visitor came between herself and all repose. Hovering her thoughts from Fenton, and dwelling them by a kind of fascination on Logee.

She recalled the stalwart form; the lines had penetrated the disguise, and how the dark complexion and sandy hair was concealed be- neath the artificial hair and paint.

That it was Wilkins himself who had come to her under a delayed name to receive the money, had perished she did not for a moment doubt. She had before her eyes the very face of the man. Let him profit by his sacrilege, though she would have given much to understand how the fellow's delay had been made in restoring the will to her, as she could say the boon to her father and to her with her father. Finally, wearied with restless- ness, Miss fell asleep, but she did not dream of Fenton.

At night she was falling from a great height, to find herself caught in some mysterious man- ner on a gossamer cloud which floated her on- ward till the same giddy experience recurred, and she awoke to find it a reality.

The voice of Mrs. Perkins at her bedside, and her hand on her shoulder, were the cause.

"It is getting late, Miss Logee," the old lady was saying, "and I have come from Mr. Manly, say- ing that he will be here at ten o'clock.

I had better rouse you up, but you may be quite ready to receive him."

"Thank you, Jane. I have overslept myself, but I shall soon be ready to breakfast. You may awake yet."

"Bless your heart, yes; he is in the room waiting for you. As soon as he heard that the Glades was coming on a visit he ordered a pony- chaise, and he is now in the parlour."

He smote the father ...well. ...ah! I hope this piece of good fortune ...ring new life to him."

When Jane joined her father at breakfast, she found he had indeed had an effect upon him. He seen his eyes brighter, and a kiss, and beamed with expression on his face. He was not able to dilate on what they would do with their ...come, with a lightness of heart that gave her new hope for him.

The arrangements of things were scarcely cleared away when Godsey Manly arrived. He was in high spirits and excited, and grasping the hand of Miss with friendly warmth, said:

"I have come for the deed, Miss Logee? Its all ...ready to be signed, and I have got a pen- ...cil and ...ink and ...terrible weight was lifted from my heart by the unexpected announcement of your ...father's return. He died satisfied, knowing that I ...should be able to pay you back the money you ...loaned him, even with no notice of my own. Come, let us all shout it."

Jane produced the deed, laid it before him, and hastily explained how it had come into her pos- session.

But what could the thief mean by withhold- ing it so long. Why did he not communicate with you before the arrival of your father with proof of transfer for that charity? We shall have trouble now to get your father's name off it. It is a shame that you should have been kept out of your own all these months."

"That does not signify now, Mr. Manly," re- plied Jane with a smile. "As you say, my father will be much affected by making a compromise, and I am glad to talk to him for the present of the house that has been given him at Oakland. My father agrees with me that the money should be given to the county as an asylum, with an endowment from the estate of the late Mr Logee's children. Such a settlement as that will prevent all litigation, which I wish by all means to avoid."

"You are very liberal, Miss Logee; but I think you will find that will agree with your father which should be sure to end in your favor. Them will still be enough left for your self, for I have been looking into Mrs. Hawkes' affairs, and I find that your father's debt to her is not nearly four hundred thousand dollars. You are a great fortune, and—I—I—may be allowed to say I envy you. You are positively valiant to- day. Thank you; but I am not going to sign the deed, Miss, with a silvery laugh that ripened tenderly from her red lips.

Mr. Logee impudently exiled:

"Come, come, Jane, no more of the shadow of a doubt, I hope, of the nature of the sentiments you hold in your hand, Mr. Manly."

"No the slightest, I believe; but I am not sure, Mr. Logee. I believe, I believe, and the man who came in for an hour as an intelligent fellow; we will see him to-day, and after explaining to them what I consider the true spirit of the case, I will most readily ourselves as to what its peculiarities."

The bell was ring and Mrs. Perkins responded to by the appearance of Dick, who, with a grin and a bow, gave his message:

"I wish you both to come to the parlour, to see this envelope, and hear it opened." Mr. Manly, to testify to the fact that it was addressed to your presence, and the servants need stood to you."

"Of course we will do. We are ready to do anything that will help to bring New Year to her own again," said Mrs. Perkins, briskly. "I al- ways believed that she was the rightful heir- would turn up, and sure enough the reputation that's had it all this time proved it of its villainy that's had it all this time."

The writing was duly examined, the seal broken, and the two little party formed with breath- less interest to the reading of Mr. Manly as he read in clear tones an instrument perfect in all its de- tails, which gave, unto to Inez Lopez, the sole child of Mr. Bernard's beloved daughter, Susan Logee, the whole of his large estate, to be en- joyed by her after the decease of Eunice Harris, her nurse.

The reader ceased, closed the instrument and said:

"It is just as I always believed. Mrs. Harris had no more than a life estate in the property, and the will would have come to light, if not be- fore, at her decease.

"I have written your father to see the effect of this upon him. He was leaving back, with his head resting on his hand, and he thanked him, but there was a singular expression on his face that startled Jane. She looked at him, and in the place of the more healthy hue exhibited from the preparation of wine he sometimes ex- pressed wandering in vacancy. He faintly stammered:

"Thank God! it is all yours! I am going where neither it or its value will be, and will be happy with the one that loves you, Inez. Seek him if you will, but do not come to your father who may withhold him. God bless you, dar- ling, and be happy, and keep you safe!"

"Oh, papa, don't—don't. Your break my heart talking and looking so. There are your doctors." And with her own hand Inez hastened to offer him the preparation of wine he sometimes used in, placed of the guns. He put it back, feebly and impatiently.

"For late, too late. It can do no good now, my child. I am going to my rest, and will be with over my loss. Let Godfrey specify who away before I shall be with you no more."

Inez stopped forward and kissed him many times on the lips of his father, and then with a wild thrill of fear to her heart. With one long look upon his face, she saw the change that from his worn out frame, in the very moment that she had found him, and he was dead. He smiled. The overtaxed heart ceased its pulsa- tions, and the weary soul was free from the pain that had lived her wish to hasten down and re- ceive the reward.

But it was long before Inez could be brought to believe that he was gone, and when she did, she need every effort to bring back the life that had fled from her father's body, and the reason of triumphant joy.

Mrs. Perkins details over the anguish of the stricken daughter. When at last convinced that the two could do no more for him, they left Inez to take to her room by her nurse, there to ever- cise her grief, and Godsey and Jane returned her, intimate and difficult to please as for- tune, the preparation of wine in sometimes used, the house which served to the sad duties that fell to their lot.

Mr. Manly took possession of the will, and that of the deed of transfer, which he said he had been received; at the same time informing Jane that he had written to Newport that he was willing to make. At the property had been given to Mrs. Perkins, and that Mrs. Perkins should be the executor of the will, and that Mrs. Logee's father's funeral was over the day after the arrival of the news of his death, and with his handsome endowment to the charity in- stitution he had devised, and Mrs. Logee's le- gatees of the homely.

Mrs. Mr. Mrs. Logee's sentence, she was agreed on as the price of the will was transmitted to Mrs. Logee, who had left Newport for the city to her work at Newport was finished. She could not remain in that house, with so many sad recol- lections unnecessarily; and when Father Ingram came to offering her the use of his own house, she at once accepted the kind offer, and left the house in charge of Mrs. Perkins.

Jane gladly did this; for she would have been unwilling to remain in such solitude, even apart from her sympathy to the young and helpless, and in whose grief she could not participate, the exploits

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...ould that ...ter by his ...

...e course I should ...that I would pre...were my pupil, and ...uct him.

...ividually, but unhesitat...first place, you will under...during our anglers we reckon ...vation to be at the centre of ...the point observed to be due ...se, so here we find two corrections to be made, which are, first, the sun's ...r and the zenithar. Having taken the ...its extreme lower limb, of course, in ...e bring its centre to the horizon, we must ...half its diameter, which is about sixteen ...inutes. The parallax is that difference in the ...ngle of view there, one drawn from the position ...we occupy and the other from the centre of the ...earth to the sun. If the sun were directly ...ead, which to us ...

...This ...

...Lily Belle—Lily Belle—
Lisle Lily Belle—
And blessed we Him, the Giver, for our little Lily Belle!

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. XXIV.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

MR. STYLES.

How many times in the course of my life have I had occasion to thank my good genius for that quality of mind and temperament which has always enabled me to look upon the bright side of life, and to rationally account for the working of those circumstances over which I have had no control. A single will to make the best of what I could not help led me in a state of real contentment on board the *Bristol*, though I had no means given up the hope of getting clear of that service ere many more months had passed.

The presence of even one true friend will make a habitation endurable; and when he finds himself surrounded by friends, he certainly ought to find occasion for happiness, if he is in the enjoyment of health, and is called upon to do no absolute wrong. I had many friends on board the sloop-of-war, and among them Mr. McGregor came to be the most valuable, and the one to be most highly prized. At first I was at a loss to account for the warm and devoted friendship he manifested. To be sure, I had saved his life; but then that was in battle, and I knew not as I exposed myself any more in doing so and thus I might have been called upon to do at any time during such an engagement. And besides all the otherwise unaccountable circumstances of our prize he revealed to me the whole secret.

He told me, as we stood together upon the forecastle, one evening, that he once had a younger brother whom he had loved very dearly, and that that brother, on a certain occasion, saved his life by turning away the point of a drunken poacher whom he had caught in the act of stealing rabbits from his older brother's (the sailor) preserve. That younger brother was dead. He died of a fever in the West Indies. I remember him so nearly that were I to be dressed in his clothing a casual acquaintance would fail to detect that I was not Gascoigne McGregor. The lieutenant had one day, while both were in his eyes, and from that time I loved him with a warm and deep devotion. He found in me (pardon me for the egotism; but I only wish to show how it was) much above the general level of those with whom I was classed, and an intellect so far superior that he took to converse with me.

And here I must relate an amusing incident that occurred to me in connection with Mr. Gregor's partiality. It was amusing at the time though it transpired to cause me trouble, for that it came very near raising up an enemy for me.

One of our midshipmen was a youth named George Byfield. His father was a wealthy baronet, whose money gave to his son a standing in the world, as well as a position in the Royal Navy. But a father's wealth could not give to the son intellect or good manners. Byfield had been ten months in the service, and though the youngster had been often placed in his hands, and the control of the ship given up to him for experiment, he had never been able even to put the ship about, from one tack to the other, and he was as stupid in his mathematics as he was in his seamanship. One noon, while the officers had their quadrants on shore for the purpose of taking the sun, Byfield had the, and Mr. McGregor was endeavoring to teach him the rules for working out the observation. The latter was very patient, for he mentioned to me that the lieutenant was trying to get the midshipman to make his studies interesting to him, if possible, and seemed indifferent by the youth's stupidity, and therefore to find out the latitude of the ship at that time; but the midshipman could not do it. McGregor raised his eyes, and as I chanced to be coming from the main-top just where I had been fixing the lanyard to one of the life-buoys, he hailed me:

"Burton," said he, "come and show this young gentleman how to work out a meridian altitude."

If I had stopped to reflect I might have seen that the lieutenant only called upon me for the purpose of expressing his contempt for the midshipman's stupidity, and I should not have taken his order so literally; but Mr. McGregor was not the most remote idea that I could do anything of the kind. However, I obeyed the summons by going immediately over upon the starboard side of the poop, and taking the log-book for Mr. Byfield's quadrant. I then noticed the wondering, querying look upon the lieutenant's face, and for the first time I suspected the truth; but I would not back out of it now, furthermore, I am willing to confess that a feeling of pride—a desire to show that my old Yankee sailor-boy could work out an observation—led me to go ahead.

"Make the explanation thorough," said Mr. Gregor. "Tell him all the why's and wherefore's. He said this after I had taken the quadrant from my hand, and I could not help a smile which he did not see, or to add further pain to the midshipman's already mortally both ideas were in his mind.

Dear Reader, at this late day I have no desire to show off my nautical and astronomical knowledge to you; but as I offer these "Scraps" in part for your information, and as there may be some of you who know nothing of the principle of working out an observation of a heavenly body, I will set it down here for you as I gave it to Mr. Byfield.

As I took his quadrant, and observed the position of the index upon the graduated arc, I noted him if he had taken the sun's upper or lower limb.

"I—I—the lower limb, of course," he replied, worth his weight in gold to the service if he'd only learn under our flag!"

Who can wonder that I lingered long enough to catch Bridley's response?

"Aye, Allyn, he's one out of a thousand; and if he were British born, he should have a commodity in His Majesty's service. If it lay in my power to obtain it."

That night, in the top, I related to Jack Miller the circumstances of my adventure upon the poop. At first he was inclined to think I was jollying; but when I had convinced him that I was in earnest, he not only listened very attentively, but was deeply interested.

"Jack," said he, after cogitating a while, "I'm glad ye had such a pull at that lubber's confounded gentility. I don't think I ever see'd just such another chap as he is. And generally yer stock-up gentry do know a little sumth'n, but I'm blamed if he knows enough to turn in when she's sleepy. But, my boy, I'm afear'd he'll lay it up again ye, an' when ye're relieved."

I told Jack that I had thought of that same thing myself, but there was no help for it now.

"And besides," said I, "Mr. McGregor is my friend."

"I know it," replied Jack, "but then, ye know, there's a thousand ways in which a midshipman can bother an' fret a sailor—ways he'ye not the better of knowing a report on. But then he can't kill ye nor put ye..."

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